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Illustrations

THE
FIGHT FOR LAW
AND ORDER
IN THE
WILD
WEST

ALL
TRUE
WILD WEST
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

GET THE
BLAZES OUT
OF OUR LINE
OF FIRE, OR
YOU'LL GET
BURIED
WITH THEM
SUTTERS!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU
NAYLORS AND SUTTERS—
THERE'LL BE **NO**
FIGHTING HERE! GO
HOME AND STOP THIS
MAD 'FEUDIN' BEFORE
I GET GOOD
AND MAD!

HA, HA! YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO
CHANCE TO GET MAD! GET
YOUR NOSE OUTTA THIS
ARGUMENT, OR YOU'LL WIND
UP DEAD AS A
WORMY NAYLOR!

HO, HO!
HEY—THE SHERIFF
IS GONNA GET MAD
AT US 'CAUSE WE
IS SORE AT THE
NAYLORS! I GUESS
HE'S A NAYLOR
SYMPATHIZER!

CHARLES
BIRO

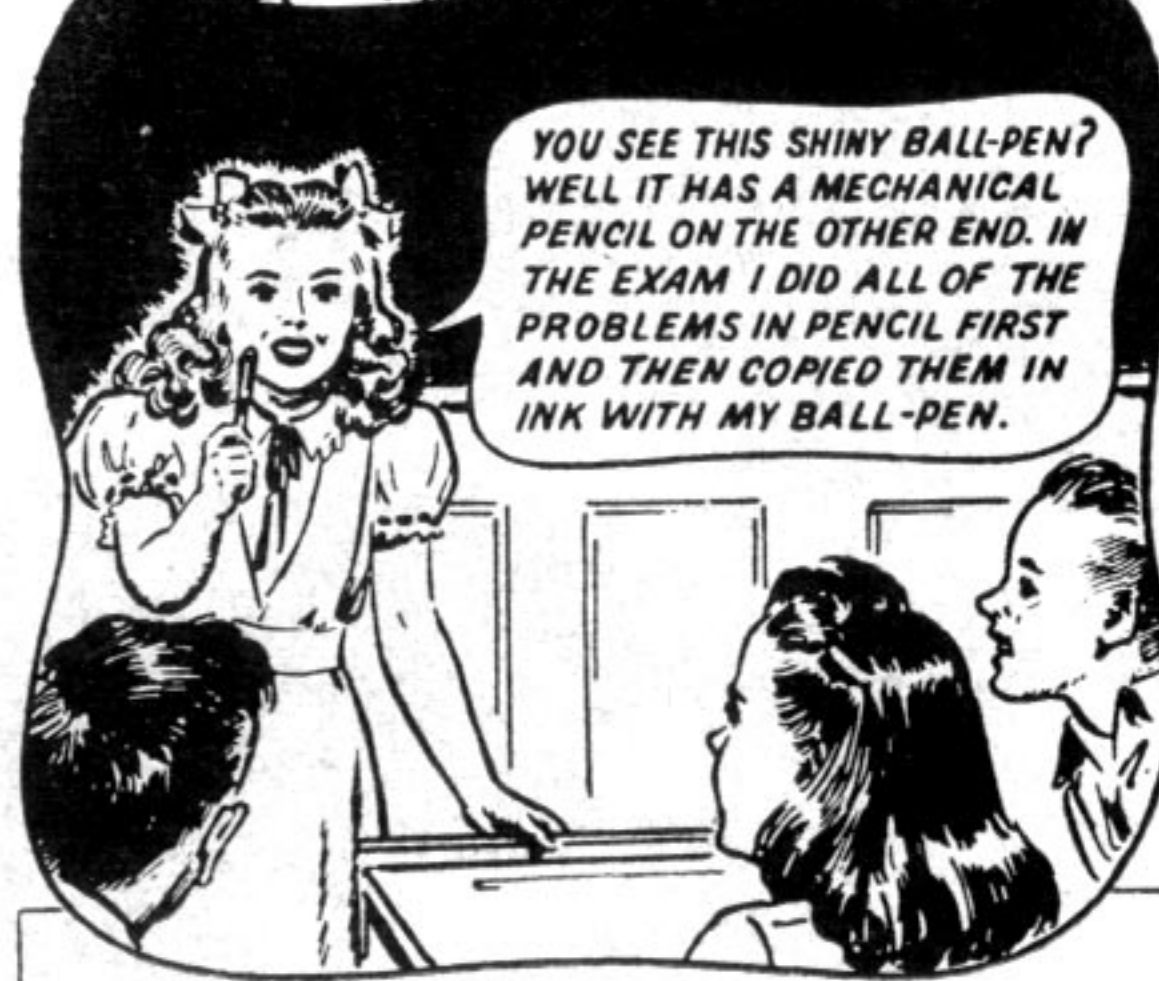
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OBEDY THE LAW

ONE MAN AGAINST TWO ARMIES!

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

HOW SQUARE-SHOOTING **JUDGE PERRY** HOG-TIED
THE EXPLOSIVE FURY OF TWO FEUDING FAMILIES,
THE **SUTTERS** AND **NAYLORS**, EVERY MEMBER
OF WHICH WAS A DEAD SHOT!

NEVER WILL I FORGET THE DAY SCRAP NAYLOR
AND TWO OF HIS PALS WERE CAUGHT BY THE
SUTTERITES AND HUNG IN THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE
IN GONZALES! THE NAYLOR MOB WAS FIGHTIN' MAD
WHEN THEY CAME INTO GONZALES TO RESCUE
SCRAP! WHEN THEY SAW SCRAP DANGLIN' THERE,
ALL HADES BUSTED LOOSE! NOBODY ANY NOthin'
COULD STOP THE MURDERIN' TILL JUDGE
PERRY CAME TO TOWN—
BLESS HIS SOUL!

LISTEN TO ME, YOU
NAYLORS AND YOU
SUTTERS! THERE WILL
BE NO FIGHTING
HERE! I MEAN TO SEE
PEACE COME TO THIS
COUNTY! GO HOME
AND STOP THIS
FEUD BEFORE I
GET GOOD AND
MAD!

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NO CHANCE TO
GET MAD, JUDGE! GET THE BLAZES
OUTTA OUR LINE OF FIRE, OR
YOU'LL GET BURIED WITH THE
REST OF 'EM!

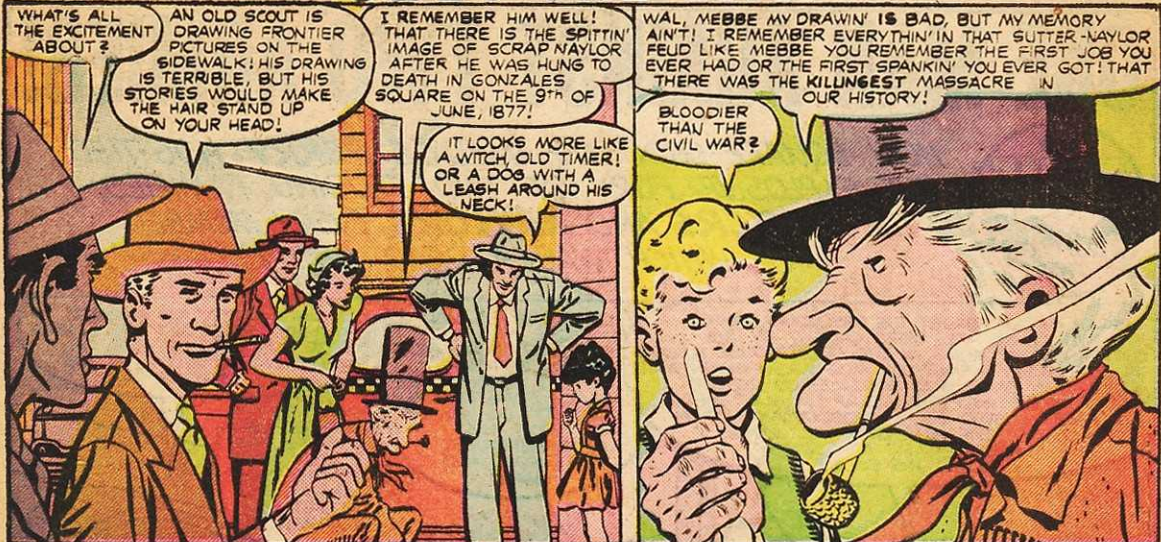
THE SAME
GOES FOR US
SUTTERS, JUDGE!
GET YOUR NOSE
OUTTA THIS MESS,
OR YOU'LL WIND
UP DEAD AS
SCRAP NAYLOR!



IN
CONSIDERATION
OF INNOCENT
PEOPLE INVOLVED AND
RELATIVES OF OTHERS,
THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN THIS TRUE
MAGAZINE ARE FICTITIOUS.
ANY SIMILARITY TO NAMES
OF PEOPLE LIVING OR
DEAD, IS ENTIRELY
COINCIDENTAL. THIS IN NO
WAY EFFECTS THE
ACCURACY OF THESE
TRUE STORIES.
the editors.

IN THE EARLY 1870'S, SOME PARTS OF TEXAS WERE THE
MOST LAWLESS IN THE COUNTRY! IT WAS WILDERNESS
TERRAIN, INDIANS STILL TOOK TO THE WARPATH, OUTLAWS
SWARMED INTO TEXAS LIKE BEES AROUND A HIVE! IN THE
CHAPARRAL ANY COMPOKE COULD START HIS OWN RANCH
BY THE LIBERAL USE OF A RUNNING IRON! GUNMEN WERE
EMPLOYED BY RANCHERS TO PROTECT AND INCREASE THEIR
HERDS! LIFE WAS CHEAP AND PROPERTY EXPENSIVE! MEN
HELD ON TO BOTH ONLY BY BULLETS AND STRENGTH! THE
RIGHT COULD NOT SURVIVE WITHOUT A GOOD SIX-SHOOTING
DOSE OF MIGHT! THERE WERE MANY FEUDS RAGING,
MOSTLY GUARRELS OVER CATTLE! BUT THE SUTTER-NAYLOR
FEUD WAS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THEM ALL! FROM 1879, FEUD WAR RAGED IN THE HEART OF TEXAS!

OBEY THE LAW



WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?

AN OLD SCOUT IS DRAWING FRONTIER PICTURES ON THE SIDEWALK! HIS DRAWING IS TERRIBLE, BUT HIS STORIES WOULD MAKE THE HAIR STAND UP ON YOUR HEAD!

I REMEMBER HIM WELL! THAT THERE IS THE SPITTIN' IMAGE OF SCRAP NAYLOR AFTER HE WAS HUNG TO DEATH IN GONZALES SQUARE ON THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1877!

IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A WITCH OLD TIMER! OR A DOG WITH A LEASH AROUND HIS NECK!

WAL, MEBBE MY DRAWIN' IS BAD, BUT MY MEMORY AIN'T! I REMEMBER EVERYTHIN' IN THAT SUTTER-NAYLOR FEUD LIKE MEBBE YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST JOB YOU EVER HAD OR THE FIRST SPANKIN' YOU EVER GOT! THAT THERE WAS THE KILLINGEST MASSACRE IN OUR HISTORY!

BLOODIER THAN THE CIVIL WAR?

THE CIVIL WAR OF 1865 AIN'T IN THE SAME CLASS, SON! ..PTTT!...IT'S LIKE COMPARIN' A FLEA TO AN ELEPHANT!

GO ON, OLD-TIMER, FESS UP! YOU'RE ONLY STANDING ON THIS CORNER AND MAKING UP THE STORIES JUST TO MAKE A DIME FOR JAVA AND SINKERS! YOU SPIN THE STUFF OUT OF YOUR WHITE HEAD!

AW, HE COULD'VE DUG IT OUT OF THE LIBRARY, OR FROM STORY BOOKS! THEY'RE LIKE OLD SAILORS, THESE FRONTIER OLD TIMERS! THEY LOVE TO SHOOT THE BREEZE!

SO I'M LYIN', AM I? DO YOU THINK THESE OLD EARS O' MINE AIN'T HEARD NOTHIN' IN 30 YEARS? OR THESE WEAK OLD EYES AIN'T SEEN SIGHTS THAT MAKE YOUR HAIR TURN THE COLOR O' MINE OVERNIGHT? I'M NO BEGGAR OR PANHANDLER! I'M HERE TO TELL STORIES TO THEM THAT WANTS TO HEAR 'EM! NOBODY HAS TO THROW A WOODEN JIT INTO THAT STOVE PIPE IF THEY DOUBT THE TRUTH O' ANYTHIN' I SPIEL ABOUT!

TAKE IT EASY, OLD-TIMER! THEY'RE ONLY KIDDING YOU! WHO ARE THESE SUTTER-NAYLOR CHARACTERS YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT?

THE NAYLORS WERE THE DISGRACE OF DEWITT COUNTY, AN' THE SUTTERS WERE THE TERROR OF GONZALES COUNTY! THE NAYLORS WERE A LARGE FAMILY THAT RUSTLED ENOUGH CATTLE IN THE EARLY SEVENTIES TO SET UP A CATTLE EMPIRE FOR THEMSELVES IN DEWITT COUNTY! THE SUTTERS DID THE SAME IN GONZALES COUNTY! BOTH FAMILIES HAD DECIDED IT WAS MORE PROFITABLE TO STEAL AN' KILL FROM THE HOME BASE OF A RANCH THAN TO BE CHASED AROUND THE CHAPARRAL BY HANGIN' POSSES!

IN FACT, THE NAYLORS WENT SO FAR AS TO KNOCK OFF THE SHERIFF IN CLINTON AND SET UP JOE TOMLINSON OF THEIR OWN GANG AS THE FIGGERHEAD OF THE LAW IN DEWITT COUNTY!

I'M HERE TO KEEP THE PEACE IN DEWITT COUNTY... FOR EVERYBODY BUT THE NAYLORS!

THAT'S THE STUFF JOE! YOU'RE TALKIN' LIKE A REAL SHERIFF, NOW!

THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! THE NAYLOR GANG, NUMBERIN' AT LEAST 100 HANDS, ROAMED FAR AFIELD, RUSTLIN', KILLING AND BRINGING MONEY INTO THE NAYLOR TREASURY, TILL THE NAYLORS GOT RICH ENOUGH TO BUY HALF OF TEXAS ALMOST!

I SAY ALMOST... BECAUSE A BIG STORM CLOUD APPEARED ON THE HORIZON AN' THAT BIG CLOUD WAS THE SUTTER FAMILY TO THE NORTH, IN GONZALES COUNTY! THE SUTTERS GOT THEIR DOUGH THE SAME WAY AS THE NAYLORS DID!

FORE OLD MAN HYLER DIED, PA, HE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO DEED US SUTTERS ALL HIS PROPERTY!

AN' RIGHT KIND IT WAS OF HYLER'S SONS TO SHOOT THEIR OWN SELVES DEAD RATHER THAN RAISE ANY OBJECTIONS!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



THERE'S ONE DRAGGIN' A FOOT! WE MUST'VE WOUNDED HIM! QUICK—BEFORE HE GETS ON HIS HORSE!

STOP, YOU CROSS-BAIT! STOP BEFORE WE BLAST THE YELLOW OUTTA YER UGLY HEART!

TOSS AWAY THAT IRON!

O.O.KAY, YOU'VE GOT ME!

SPIT IT OUT! WHAT'S THE NAME OF YOUR MOB?

OWW! S. STOP SOCKIN' ME! I'M FROM THE NAYLOR RANCH, DEWITT COUNTY! WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU GUYS WAS AFTER THE SAME HERD!

THAT PIECE OF IGNORANCE IS GONNA COST EVERY LAST NAYLOR HIS RIGHT TO LIVE!

WE DID EVERYTHIN' POSSIBLE, MR. SUTTER, BUT WE COULDN'T HOLD DANNY BACK! WE CAPTURED THIS COYOTE HERE! I TOLD US WHO THEY WERE—THE NAYLORS CLAN TO THE SOUTH!

HANG HIM! WE'LL KILL ANYBODY WHO HAS ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH THE NAYLORS!

N..NO! THAT'S MURDER! NO!



THERE, THERE, MOTHER! DON'T TAKE ON SO—THEY'LL PAY A HUNDRED TO ONE FOR KILLIN' DANNY! THESE NAYLORS WILL RUE THE DAY THEY EVER CROSSED A SUTTER!

SOB! POOR DANNY! MY POOR SON! HE'S DEAD!

GET A ROPE, FLIBBIN'!

THIS PIECE OF NAYLOR DIRT IS A TASTE OF WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO THE WHOLE NAYLOR PACK, AN' IF THEY KICK BACK, IT'LL DO 'EM AS MUCH GOOD AS IT DONE THIS CRITTER, CURSE HIM!

SADDLE THE HORSES! WE'RE GETTIN' REVENGE ON THE NAYLORS RIGHT NOW!

RAID THEIR CATTLE, BURN THEIR GRASS, BURN THEIR BARN'S AN' HOUSES! KILL EVERYTHIN' THAT WALKS ON TWO LEGS INCLUDIN' WOMEN AN' CHILDREN! KIDS GROW UP INTO BIG NAYLORS! LEAVE NOTHIN' OF THE NAYLORS BUT A PACK OF TOMBSTONES!



THE SUTTER CLAN BEGAN THE BRUTAL MASSACRE! ANYTHIN' THAT MOVED THAT HOT AFTERNOON JUST DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

KEEP SHOOTIN' TILL THERE AIN'T NO MORE OF 'EM ON THIS RANCH!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THESE HIRED HANDS, MR. SUTTER?

HONEST, SIR, WE DID NOTHIN'! WE'VE JUST BEEN WORKING ONE WEEK FOR MISTER NAYLOR!

THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK! ANYBODY WHO EVEN KNOWS THE NAYLORS GETS IT!



OBEY THE LAW

THEM NAYLORS ARE LUCKY, POP! THEY KNEW WHEN NOT TO BE AROUND! THIS SON OF A HORSE THIEF SAYS MOST OF 'EM ARE IN CLINTON COURT, ATTENDIN' A TRIAL!

T. THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY GRAMPS STAYED HERE! THAT'S HIM THERE, BUT DON'T KILL ME, TOO! PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

NO, WE AIN'T GOIN' TO KILL YA, PARDNER—NOT BECAUSE WE WOULDN'T LIKE TO, BUT BECAUSE WE WANT YOU ALIVE TO GIVE THIS MESSAGE TO THE NAYLORS! WE SUTTERS WON'T FINISH OUR FEUD WITH THE NAYLORS TILL EVERY DANG ONE OF 'EM IS FERTILIZIN' THE CEMETERY!

THE NAYLORS'LL GO CRAZY MAD WHEN THEY FIND OUT WHO KILLED UNCLE JAKE LAST WEEK, AN' WHAT HAPPENED HERE TODAY!

SHERIFF TOMLINSON, WHERE ARE THE TWO WITNESSES WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THESE TWO HOODLUMS?

WELL, JUDGE, IT'S MY PAINFUL DUTY TO ANNOUNCE THAT BOTH WITNESSES DIED SUDDENLY IN PRISON!

JOE'S A CARD! LISTEN TO HIM, SASS THE JUDGE!

THAT SORTA BREAKS DOWN THIS INDICTMENT, DON'T IT, JUDGE?

TOMLINSON, I'M GETTING SICK OF THE WAY THINGS ARE RUN IN THIS TOWN! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A TOOL OF THE NAYLORS, AS CROOKED AND MURDEROUS AS THEY ARE, AND I'M GOING TO REPORT YOU TO THE STATE AUTHORITIES! MEANWHILE, LOCK UP THESE TWO RATS WHILE ANOTHER CASE IS PREPARED AGAINST THEM!

NIX, JUDGE! I'M THE ARRESTIN' OFFICER IN THIS TOWN! YOU'RE ONLY THE JUDGE! THERE AIN'T NO WITNESSES, SO THERE AIN'T NO TRIAL!

GET A MOVE ON, YOU TWO! YOU'RE EXONERATED, BEIN' AS THERE AIN'T NO CASE AGAINST YA! GO ON OVER TO THE SILVER FEATHER SALOON! THE GANG IS HOLDIN' A CELEBRATION FOR YA!

THANK YOU KINDLY, SHERIFF TOMLINSON! DON'T FORGET TO THANK HIM FOR KILLING OFF THE STATE'S WITNESSES, TOO!

WE OUGHT TO GET RID OF THE JUDGE, MR. NAYLOR! HE WON'T PLAY BALL! ONE OF THESE DAYS HE'LL MAKE REAL TROUBLE FOR US!

WE CAN'T TOUCH JUDGE PERRY, JOE! HE'S THE MOST RESPECTED AND POPULAR MAN IN SOUTHERN TEXAS! IF WE BOTHERED HIM, WE'D LOSE MORE THAN WE'D GAIN! JUST DON'T LET HIM GET NOWHERE! THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO HANDLE HIM!

THIS IS AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE, JUDGE! THE DEFENDANT IS PENNILESS! SHE HASN'T PAID RENT IN SEVEN MONTHS! WE WANT TO DISPOSSESS HER AS AN UNDESIRABLE TENANT!

I... I EXPECT SOME MONEY, JUDGE! MY HUSBAND LEFT ME GOLD STOCK, BUT ONE OF MY LITTLE BOYS IS SICK, AND I...

TELL ME, MRS. FELTON, ITS \$175 YOU OWE THIS MAN, ISN'T IT?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND IF SHE CAN PAY 75 CENTS A YEAR FROM NOW ON, I'LL EAT IT! THE GOLD STOCK IS WORTHLESS!

YOUR HUSBAND WAS A GOOD MAN, MRS. FELTON! HE DIED TRYING TO HOLD THE FRONTIER AGAINST THE RAIDERS! FROM NOW ON, YOU COME TO ME FOR YOUR RENT!

THERE'S YOUR MONEY, LANDLORD! I WON'T SEE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS THROWN INTO THE STREETS!

MR. NAYLOR! MR. NAYLOR! ALL DEVIL'S BUSTED LOOSE! THE SUTTERS RAIDED THE RANCH! THEY KILLED EVERYBODY IN SIGHT—BURNED THE BARN AND THE HOUSES—RAN OFF ALL THE CATTLE! GRAMPS IS DEAD WITH A BULLET IN HIS HEAD!

THE SUTTERS? WHO IN TARNATION ARE THE SUTTERS?



OBEY THE LAW

I HEARD ABOUT 'EM, POP! THEY'RE A CLAN TO THE NORTH IN GONZALES COUNTY! THEY MUST BE THE ONES THAT MUSCLED IN ON OUR RUSTLING PARTY NEAR EL PASO, AN' KILLED UNCLE JAKE! ANY ALL THE TIME I FIGURED THEM FOR A STRAY BAND OF RUSTLERS!



THE SUTTER'S SAID FOR ME TO TELL YA THEY WAS FEUDIN' TILL NOT ONE NAYLOR WAS LEFT ALIVE!

WE GOT SOMETHIN' TO SAY ABOUT THAT! BOYS, I'M DECLARIN' AN OPEN HUNTIN' SEASON ON TWO-LEGGED VARMINTS CALLED SUTTER!

JUDGE! HELP ME DOWN, JUDGE! I WENT AFTER A KITTY AN' GOT CAUGHT UP HERE!



YOU BETCHA LITTLE MAN! IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL!

I WONDER WHAT ALL THE EXCITEMENTS ABOUT UP THE STREET?

WHAT'S GOING ON, SLIM?

THE SUTTER CLAN TO THE NORTH STARTED A FEUD, AN' THE NAYLORS ARE TAKIN' 'EM UP ON IT! WE AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET! WAIT TILL THE TWO FAMILIES GET AFTER EACH OTHER'S HIDES!



BANG! BANG!

THIRTY-FIVE KILLED, AN' TWELVE MISSIN POP, AN' 4,000 HEAD OF CATTLE ARE GONE!

SCRAP SEND ONE OF THE BOYS TO THE SUTTERS WITH THIS MESSAGE!

'SUTTER - GET OUT OF THE STATE! IT AIN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US TO BREATHE IN! YOU GOT 48 HOURS TO VAMOOSE. AFTER THAT, THE BUZZARDS'LL BE HAVING A 24-HOUR-A-DAY BANQUET ON DEAD SUTTERS!



WELL, YOU CAN GUESS WHAT THE SUTTERS DID WITH THE MESSAGE, AN' WITH THE MESSENGER! YUP, THEY SENT HIM BACK TO THE NAYLORS DEAD AS A MACKEREL! THE BIG FEUD WAR WAS ON!

WE FOUND HIM LYING HERE DEAD AT DAY-BREAK! LET'S GO BOYS AFTER THOSE SKUNKS!

BURN DOWN! IT'S A SUTTER CHUCK WAGON, AIN'T IT?



LEAVE IT TO THE SUTTERS FOR ORGANIZIN' THE FIRST PITCHED BATTLE! IT HAPPENED THIS WAY - THE NAYLORS HAD LAUNCHED A RECRUITIN' DRIVE IN DEWITT COUNTY EARLY IN 1876, TO ROPE IN THE CITIZENS. THEY STAGED A DANCE IN THE CLINTON TOWN HALL!

BUCK'S LATE! DO YOU THINK HE RAN INTO TROUBLE IN HALLESTSVILLE?

NAW, NOT BUCK, PA! HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF! BESIDES, HE TOOK PLENTY OF THE BOYS WITH HIM! HE'LL BE ALONG SOON!



BILL, THIS COVERED WAGON STUNT OF YOURS! A LULU! WE CAN PARK RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DANCE HALL AN' RAKE WHOEVER COMES INTO THE DIVE BEFORE THEY KNOW WHERE A SHOT IS COMIN' FROM!

POP, LOOK - A MOB OF NAYLORITES IS COMIN' THIS WAY! THEY'RE RETURNIN' FROM A RAID MOST LIKELY!



LET 'EM GET CLOSER THEN WHEN THEY DISMOUNT, WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE WAGONS, POUR IT IN!

WE AIN'T LATE, BOYS! THE PARTYS STILL GOIN' STRONG!



I SURE FEEL LIKE DANCIN'!

OBEDIENT THE LAW



OBEDIENT THE LAW



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YA, BILL, YOU GOT MORE MANEUVERIN' STRATEGY THAN OLE SAM HOUSTON!

THANKS, PAW! I JUST GOT THESE NAYLORS FIGGERED FOR HOTHEADS! THEY JUMP AFORE THEY THINK—ESPECIALLY SCRAP NAYLOR! HE'S THE ONE I WANT ALIVE FOR PUBLIC HANGING IN GONZALES! SOME OF YOU BOYS HANG AROUND THE REAR OF THE CANYON AN' PLUG OFF ANY ESCAPE! SCRAP NAYLOR MADE A BOLT FOR IT THE LAST TIME OUT!



WAL, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE NAYLORITES IN SANTOS CANYON SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO COYOTES! EVEN THINKIN' ABOUT IT SENDS A SHIVER DOWN MY SPINE!

1-IT'S A TRAP! YEEEEEE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT.



..AN' THAT'S THE WAY WE CAME!

WHAT IF IT'S BLOCKED OFF?



GOIN' SOMEWHERE?

D-DON'T SHOOT! I...I SURRENDER!

NOT ME! I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE PLANNING FOR US IN GONZALES!...I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES!

UGH! IF I GET AWAY WITH ONLY THIS ARM WOUND, IT'S A DARN SIGHT B-BETTER 'N SCRAP'LL GET!

LET HIM GO, BOYS! I WANT SOMEBODY TELLIN' THE NAYLORITES WHAT HAPPENED TO THEIR HUNTIN' PARTY!

SHERIFF MEADOR, IT'S WITH GREAT PLEASURE THAT I TURN OVER THIS NOTORIOUS MURDERER FOR PUBLIC HANGIN'!

HANGIN'?! BUT Y-YA CAN'T! T-THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' I DID THAT YOU DIDN'T DO!... OWWWW!

SHUT YOUR LIP, PRISONER! WE'LL DECIDE WHAT THE LAW IS! YOU'RE GETTIN' TRIED AN' HANGED TOMORROW!



ZING!



THIS JURY FINDS THE DEFENDANTS, SCRAP NAYLOR, DIXIE SHIELDS, AND FRED MORDO ALL GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE AND RECOMMENDS THEIR IMMEDIATE HANGIN' IN THE COURTHOUSE SQUARE!

THIS ISN'T JUSTICE! YOU'VE GOT A RIGGED JURY, JUDGE AN' SHERIFF! I WANT A FAIR TRIAL!

WHAT D'YA THINK WE'D GET IN DEWITT COUNTY? EXCEPTIN' FOR JUDGE PERRY, YOU NAYLORS GRIND EVERY MAN-JACK IN THE MUD UNDER YOUR FEET! TAKE 'EM OUT AN' STRING 'EM UP!

ALL RIGHT, NOW! YA HEARD JOE TOMLINSON TELL WHAT THE SUTTERS DONE TO OUR BOYS! THIS AIN'T A SUTTER-NAYLOR FEUD NO MORE! THEY TOOK THE LIVES OF MEN BELONGING TO EVERY FAMILY IN TOWN! THIS'S BECOME A WAR BETWEEN DEWITT COUNTY AN' GONZALES COUNTY! YOU'RE ALL IN IT! YOU ALL GOT TO JOIN THE NAYLOR ARMY!

NO, CITIZENS! DON'T LISTEN TO WILL NAYLOR! HE'S DECEIVING YOU! DON'T ENTER THIS MAD FEUD BETWEEN TWO CAMPS OF MURDERERS! YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING FOR YOURSELVES IF YOU JOIN THE NAYLORS! YOU'LL BE FIGHTING SO THAT THE NAYLORS CAN KEEP THE PROPERTY AND WEALTH THEY STOLE FROM PEOPLE LIKE YOU!



OBEDY THE LAW

THE JUDGE TALKS OF MURDER! WHAT DO YOU THINK THE SUTTERS DID TO US—SENT US COOKIES? BROUGHT US FLOWERS? COUNT THE DEAD IN THE COUNTY HALL! YES, AND ON MAIN STREET, AND ON THE COUNTY BORDER! MORE THAN 100 DEWITT DEAD ARE ROTTIN' IN THE BREEZE! THEM DEAD ARE CRYIN' OUT FOR REVENGE, NOT PEACE! LET'S GIVE THOSE CURSED SUTTERS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE! AFTER THAT, MAYBE WE'LL TALK OF PEACE... MAYBE!



ON TO GONZALES! GIVE THEM SUTTERS EVERYTHIN' THEY BEEN LOOKIN' FOR!



WE NEED THE TEXAS RANGERS! THERE'S LESS LAW HERE THAN YOU'LL FIND IN A JUNGLE! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TODAY! I CAN'T LET THEM SLAUGHTER EACH OTHER!

MEANWHILE, IN GONZALES, A MOB OF SUTTERITES HANGED SCRAP NAYLOR AN' HIS TWO PALS! THERE WAS CELEBRATIN' SUCH AS YOU MIGHT FIND ON THE FOURTH OF JULY! BUT THERE WAS SOME WHO DIDN'T JOIN IN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YA—WHY AIN'TCHA DRINKIN' AN' DANCIN' LIKE THE REST OF US?

BECAUSE WE'RE NOT BLOOD-THIRSTY SAVAGES! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO CELEBRATE ABOUT WANTON MURDER! YOU SUTTERS BROUGHT DISGRACE TO GONZALES COUNTY!

AND WHILE THE SUTTER CLAN WAS HAVIN' THEIR BLOWOUT, THE NAYLOR MOB WAS ON THEIR WAY TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN!

WE'LL KEEP SHOOTIN' TILL THE STREETS ARE PAVED WITH SUTTER CORPSES! NOTHIN' SHOULD BE LEFT OF THEIR CLAN BUT A BAD MEMORY!



BILL! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN MAIN STREET!



NAYLOR LITES! TAKE COVER IN THE COURTHOUSE!

SHOOT EVERYONE IN THE STREET! THIS AIN'T JUST A GRUDGE FIGHT! THIS IS WAR!

BUT THIS TIME IT WAS MASSACRE ON BOTH SIDES! THEY JUST DREW UP LINES AND FIRED POINT-BLANK AT EACH OTHER! SCRAP NAYLOR, WHEREVER HE WAS, WAS GETTIN' MORE'N HIS SHARE OF COMPANY!



THIS IS HORRIBLE! DOZENS OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE BEING SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD!

JUDGE PERRY CAN'T YOU STOP THEM? THEY'VE GONE STARK MAD, ALL OF THEM!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, FRIEND! LEND ME THAT SHOTGUN OF YOURS!



LISTEN! ALL OF YOU! THE SLAUGHTER IS OVER! YOU NAYLORS GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND YOU SUTTERS PUT DOWN YOUR GUNS! THE CITIZENS OF TEXAS AREN'T STANDIN' FOR ANY MORE OF THIS INSANE KILLING!



IF YA DON'T GET OUT OF OUR LINE OF FIRE, JUDGE, WE'LL KILL YA! WE CAME HERE TO WIPE OUT EVERY SUTTER, AN' WE AIN'T LEAVIN' TILL THEY'RE ALL BELLY UP!

OKAY, SHOOT! THAT WOULD BRING THE ARMY AND THE TEXAS RANGERS DOWN HERE QUICK! THEN THEY'D HEAR YOU SHOT A JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT! GO AHEAD, YOU SMELLY POLECATS, KILL ME! I INVITE YOU TO! WELL, WHY DON'T YOU... YOU YELLOW-STREAKED COYOTES! DID YOUR FINGERS GET PARALYZED?

PERRY'S RIGHT! IF WE DO PLUG HIM, WE'LL BRING THE WHOLE NATION DOWN ON OUR HEADS!



OBEY THE LAW

WE'LL GET AFTER THE SUTTERS ANOTHER TIME! WE'LL GET 'EM ONE BY ONE, STRIKIN' WITHOUT WARNIN', SO JUDGE BUTTINSKY CAN'T POKE HIS NOSE INTO OUR AFFAIRS LIKE HE DONE TODAY!

ALL RIGHT, JUDGE, WE'LL CLEAR OUT, BUT DO WE GET SAFE CONDUCT? THEY MIGHT SHOOT US IN THE BACK! THE SECOND WE LEAVE COVER!

LET A SUTTER DARE TO STAND UP AND FIRE AND HE'LL GET A DOUBLE-BARRELLED BLAST IN THE HEAD FROM ME!

DON'T THINK YOU'RE OUTTA THE WOODS, SUTTERS! WE'LL GET YOU YET—EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YA—AN' NO WORD-GRINDIN'! JUDGE IS GONNA BE AROUND TO STOP US!

YOU'LL HAVE A HARD TIME GETTIN' US SUTTERS IF YOU'RE DEAD AND BURIED! WE'RE JUST WAITIN' FOR THIS PREACHIN' CRITTER TO CLEAR OUT, THEN WE'LL HUNT YA DOWN!

THEY'RE NOT DONE WITH EACH OTHER—NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



YOU WERE GREAT, JUDGE PERRY! IF NOT FOR YOU, THEY'D STILL BE MURDERIN' EACH OTHER! YES, AN US INNOCENT BYSTANDERS, TOO!

GREATEST EXHIBITION OF COURAGE I EVER SAW, JUDGE!

THANKS, BUT I'VE ONLY STOPPED THIS MAD FEUD FOR A BRIEF MOMENT! I'LL GO TO HOUSTON TO SEE THE GOVERNOR! NOBODY BUT THE RANGERS CAN REALLY PUT A STOP TO THIS LAWLESSNESS!

SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE ABOUT THAT FEUD, GOVERNOR! SCORES OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED, HUNDREDS OF CITIZENS HAVE BEEN INTIMIDATED INTO JOINING THEIR RAIDS! ONLY THE RANGERS CAN BRING PEACE TO THOSE BEDEVILED COUNTIES!

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, JUDGE, BUT WALE A COMPANY IS ALL I CAN SCRAPE TOGETHER! THE RANGERS ARE UP TO THEIR NECKS PATROL-LING THE BORDERS AGAINST DESPERADOES!

SO THE KILLIN' WENT ON! EVERY SECRET ORDER DISCLOSED TO HOSTILE EARS RESULTED IN AMBUSH AN' SUDDEN DEATH! NO FEUDER FELT SAFE FROM AN UNEXPECTED BULLET, AND NOW SINCE JUDGE PERRY HAD BROUGHT IN THE RANGERS, THE RETALIATION OF THE LAW WAS IN OPERATION!

IT'S BILL SUTTER, HIS WIFE, SON AN' THREE RANCH HANDS, JUDGE! THE NAYLORITES MUST'VE BEEN WAITIN' IN THIS CLUMP FOR DAYS TILL THEY CAME HOME!

WILL NAYLOR GOT A MITE CARELESS! HE LEFT THIS POUCH LYING ON THE ROAD!



WHAT DO YA MEAN, I'M ARRESTED? WHAT FOR?

DON'T PLAY THE INNOCENT, WITH ME, WILL NAYLOR! YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS MURDERED BILL SUTTER AND FIVE OF HIS CLAN, INCLUDING HIS WIFE! YOU'LL BE LEGALLY TRIED FOR MURDER IN CLINTON!

GET A MOVE ON, NAYLOR! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH GOODS ON YOU!

WE'LL TEACH THAT MEDDLIN' JUDGE NOT TO BUTT INTO OUR AFFAIRS! ROUND UP EVERY MAN, SAL! WE'RE GOIN' INTO CLINTON AFTER WILL AN' THE BOYS!

WE'LL FREE 'EM! WE'LL OUT-GUN 'EM FIVE TO ONE! LET THEM SWELL-HEADED RANGERS JUST TRY AN' STOP US FROM RESCUIN' OUR KIN!

BY THE TIME THE NAYLORS SET OUT FOR CLINTON, THEY OUT-GUNNED THE RANGERS EIGHT TO ONE! THEY JUST SWARMED OVER THE SMALL JAIL AN' TOOK ALL THEY WANTED!

LOOKS LIKE THE NAYLORS STILL MAKE THEIR OWN LAWS IN DEWITT COUNTY, EH, JOE?

YOU SURE CAN PROVE IT BY RANGER CORPSES, WILL!



OBEY THE LAW

I SEE YOU GOT NICKED, JUDGE! I HOPE IT ISN'T TOO BAD!

IT'S NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE PAIN IN MY HEART! THOSE DEVILS HAVE GONE THE LIMIT! I'M GOING TO HOUSTON, AND IF I DON'T RETURN WITH TWO FULL COMPANIES OF RANGERS TO RUN THE SUTTER—NAYLOR VENDETTA CLEAR OUT OF TEXAS, YOU CAN HANG ME HIGHER THAN A KITE!

GOVERNOR, WE'VE GOT MORE THAN THIRTY INDICTMENTS FOR MURDER AGAINST EACH CLAN! GIVE ME THE MEN TO ROUND UP THOSE LOW-DOWN KILLERS, AND DEWITT AND GONZALES COUNTIES WILL KNOW THEIR FIRST PEACE IN FOUR YEARS!

VERY WELL, JUDGE, YOU'LL GET YOUR TWO COMPANIES!

SOMETIMES FORCE IS THE ONLY THING RUTHLESS MEN UNDERSTAND: THE LAW MUST DEAL IT OUT TO THOSE WHOM ONLY A GALLOWS CAN REFORM!

FROM OUR SCOUTING REPORTS, BOTH CLANS ARE WAGING THE MOST FURIOUS RECRUITING CAMPAIGNS I EVER DID HEAR OF, BUT NOTHING SHORT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY ITSELF CAN LICK THESE MEN. NOW! I'VE LED THEM THROUGH EVERY KIND OF MESS, AND WE'VE ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!



THE FEUDERS SURE WENT TO ALL LENGTHS TO DRAFT MEN! ANYBODY WITH BLOOD IN HIS VEINS WAS CONSIDERED A PROSPECT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S TOO YOUNG? HE CAN HOLD A GUN, CAN'T HE?

IT'S YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY TO DEFEND DEWITT COUNTY AGAINST THE INVASION OF THE RANGERS!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, SUTTER! I WON'T JOIN YOUR GANG OF CUTTHROATS, NOR WILL I PERMIT YOU TO DRAFT MY SON! I'M A RESPECTABLE DOCTOR AND I INTEND TO STAY RESPECTABLE...

RESPECTABLE BUT DEAD, DOC—THAT'S YOU!

THEN JOE SUTTER SAID I WAS AS BAD AS MY HUSBAND, AND THEY BLAZED AWAY!

YOU'LL LIVE TO SEE THE MURDERERS HANGED, MRS. DALZELL! LIEUTENANT, THE ENTIRE SUTTER CLAN IS CELEBRATING A WEDDING TONIGHT IN GONZALES! WE'RE GOING THERE TONIGHT TO GIVE THEM OUR BLESSINGS—IN HOT LEAD!



HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE BUILDING LIEUTENANT! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL!

YOU BET! GOOD LUCK, JUDGE!

ALL RIGHT, STOP THE MUSIC! THIS PARTY'S OVER, BUT THERE'S A NECKTIE PARTY ABOUT TO START! FIFTY-THREE OF YOU ARE INVITED TO IT! CORPORAL, READ OFF THE ONES WE WANT!

JUST A MINUTE, JUDGE! READING THAT LIST WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD! WE WOULDN'T GO ALONG WITH YOU IF THAT LIST WAS PRINTED IN SOLID GOLD!

BUT YOU'LL COME JUST THE SAME, SUTTER! DEAD OR ALIVE YOU'LL COME—YOU AND YOUR PACK OF FILTHY MURDERERS!

NOT AS LONG AS WE OUTGUN YA, JUDGE! SAY YOUR PRAYERS—YOU'RE GOIN' TO TAKE THE LONG JOURNEY!

H..HEY, WHAT'S THE WHISTLE FOR? WHO'S BLOWIN' THAT WHISTLE?



OBEY THE LAW



OUR MEN! WE'VE GOT YOU COMING AND GOING, SUTTER! YOU'D BETTER SURRENDER!

SURRENDER! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT WORD MEANS! GET 'EM, BOYS! WE OUTNUMBER 'EM!

REMEMBER, SUTTER!... THIS'S THE WAY YOU WANTED IT! RETURN THEIR FIRE, LIEUTENANT!

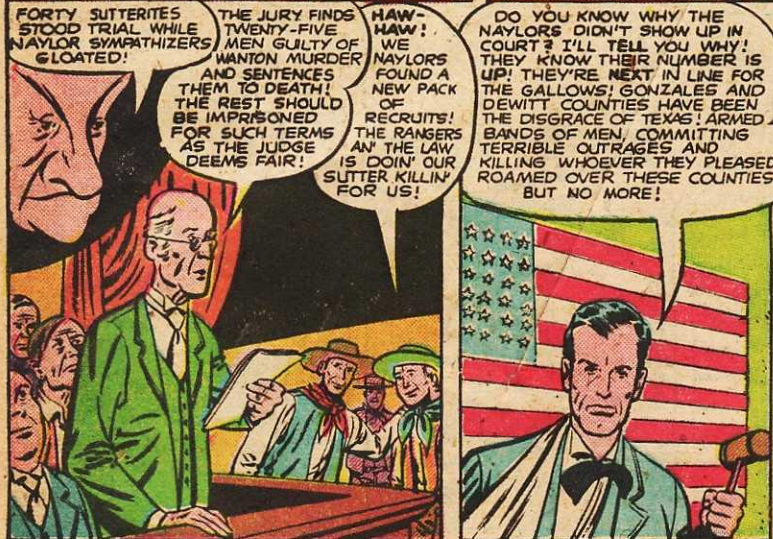
AN' A RIGHT ACCURATE FIRE IT WAS, TOO! THE SUTTER CLAN WASN'T USED TO BEIN' AT THE RECEIVIN' END OF SIX-SHOOTERS! BUT IT WAS SOMETHIN' THEY KINDA GOT USED TO PRONTO!

HOW FINE, SERGEANT! AS LONG AS THEY KEEP PASSING THE AMMUNITION!

AN HOUR LATER, THE SURVIVIN' SUTTERS FOUND IT JUST AS UNCOMFORTABLE BEING CAPTURED AS KILLED!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'M SHERIFF MEADOR OF GONZALES COUNTY... WHAT IS THIS?

A HANGING SHERIFF MEADOR! YOU'LL DO THE HANGING PERSONALLY!... THIS STAR YOU'VE BEEN WEARING IS A MOCKERY OF YOUR OFFICE! A SHEEP-KILLING DOG DESERVES TO WEAR IT SOONER THAN YOU!



FORTY SUTTERITES STOOD TRIAL WHILE NAYLOR SYMPATHIZERS GLOATED!

THE JURY FINDS TWENTY-FIVE MEN GUILTY OF WANTON MURDER AND SENTENCES THEM TO DEATH! THE REST SHOULD BE IMPRISONED FOR SUCH TERMS AS THE JUDGE DEEMS FAIR!

HAW-HAW! WE NAYLORS FOUND A NEW PACK OF RECRUITS! THE DANGERS AN' THE LAW IS DOIN' OUR SUTTER KILLIN' FOR US!

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE NAYLORS DIDN'T SHOW UP IN COURT? I'LL TELL YOU WHY! THEY KNOW THEIR NUMBER IS UP! THEY'RE NEXT IN LINE FOR THE GALLOWES! GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES HAVE BEEN THE DISGRACE OF TEXAS! ARMED BANDS OF MEN COMMITTING TERRIBLE OUTRAGES AND KILLING WHOEVER THEY PLEASED, ROAMED OVER THESE COUNTIES! BUT NO MORE!

WITHOUT REVIEWING THEIR LONG RECORD OF LAWLESSNESS, I SHALL TELL YOU THAT IN GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES THEIR EVIL DAYS ARE PAST! THE NAYLORS AND THE SUTTERS WILL BE SWEEPED INTO THE DUSTBINS AND CEMETERIES! 25 MEN HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO THE GALLOWES, AND THE REST TO LONG SENTENCES, BUT SINCE THE JAIL HERE IS NOT LARGE ENOUGH, THE PRISONERS WILL BE TAKEN BY LT. HALL TO GALVESTON FOR SAFEKEEPING!



TEN MEN ARE ENOUGH TO ESCORT THE CONDEMNED MEN TO GALVESTON, LIEUTENANT! I WANT THE REST OF YOU READY FOR A ROUNDUP OF THE NAYLOR MOB! I GOT A FEELING THE NAYLORS ARE GOING TO ATTEMPT SOMETHING DESPERATE!

NOW THAT FORTY SUTTERITES ARE ON THEIR WAY TO GALVESTON AN' TWENTY MORE ARE BURIED, IT'S OUR BIG CHANCE TO WIPE OUT WHAT THE SUTTERS LEFT BEHIND!

THERE THEY GO, JUDGE... JUST AS YOU FIGURED! THE WHOLE DAMN NAYLOR CLAN ON THE WAR-PATH!

LET 'EM GET DEEPER INTO SUTTER TERRITORY, LIEUTENANT! I WANT THEM RED-HANDED!

LIEUTENANT! THE NAYLORS JUST BEGAN TO SHOOT UP THE TOWN OF GONZALES... ANY ORDERS?

HOW ABOUT IT, JUDGE?

I SAY, ATTACK WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, LIEUTENANT!

OBEY THE LAW



IT'S THE RANGERS!

I THOUGHT THEY WENT TO GALVESTON TO HANG THE SUTTERS!

BRING 'EM DOWN, OR IT'S THE END OF US!



THE RANGERS CALLED ON THE NAYLORS TO SURRENDER! WHEN THE NAYLORS ANSWERED WITH GUNFIRE, THE RANGERS USED THE SAME LANGUAGE, EXCEPT THAT RANGER LINGO WAS STRONGER!

NO USE SHAKIN', MIKE! HE'S DEAD! I'M WAVIN' THIS WHITE RAG BEFORE I JOIN HIM!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, LIEUTENANT! THEY'RE GIVING UP!

HE IS DEAD! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THEM! THEY'RE SLAUGHTERIN' US! I'M SURRENDERIN' TOO!



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE NAYLOR VENDETTA IS FINISHED, JUDGE... UNLESS THEY CONTINUE THE FEUD WHERE IT'S WARMER THAN IT EVER GETS IN TEXAS!



THE GUILTY ONES WHO PERPETRATED THIS MONSTROUS FEUD, LIEUTENANT, ARE EITHER DEAD OR WILL BE! AT LEAST WE'VE KEPT THE SPARK OF JUSTICE GLLOWING ON EARTH!



AND SO THE NAYLORS AN' THE SUTTERS DISAPPEARED FROM TEXAS! THEM THAT DIDN'T DIE ON THE GALLOWS, DIED IN JAIL, AN' THOSE THAT LIVED WERE SCATTERED TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE WEST, WHERE THEY DIDN'T DARE RUN AFOUL OF THE LAW AGAIN! THEY GOT ENOUGH MEDICINE FROM THE TEXAS RANGERS TO LAST 'EM A LIFETIME!

THANKS TO MEN LIKE JUDGE PERRY AND LIEUTENANT HALL OF THE RANGERS, MEN NO LONGER WALKED AROUND IN FEAR OF THEIR LIVES, FOR LAW HAD FINALLY COME TO GONZALES AND DEWITT COUNTIES!

CLEVER OLD LIAR, ISN'T HE? NOW MAYBE SOME OF YOU BEEN SAYIN' TO YOURSELVES, "HOW COME THIS OLD COOT KNOWS SO MUCH ABOUT THE NAYLOR AND SUTTER VENDETTA!" WELL, FOLKS, IT'S BECAUSE I KNEW THE JUDGE PERSONALLY! ME AN' HIM WAS LIKE THAT!



LIAR, AM I? I TOLD YA AT THE BEGINNIN' THIS WAS A TRUE STORY! IF ONE WORD DIDN'T HAPPEN JUST LIKE I SAID... MAY I NEVER SEE A RED CENT INSIDE THAT STOVE-PIPE HAT, WHICH INCIDENTALLY, THE JUDGE GAVE ME HIMSELF AS A SOUVENIR OF THE FEUD! FOR THIS OLD COOT YA SEE BEFORE YA WAS NONE OTHER THAN YOUNG LIEUTENANT HALL, WHO HELPED END THE VENDETTA... AND HERE ARE MY PAPERS OF RETIREMENT TO PROVE IT!

SAY, THE OLD MAN'S ON THE LEVEL!



A TABLE TOP COULDN'T BE MORE LEVEL, MISTER! TAKE A GANDER AT THE HAT BAND! G'WAN, READ OUT WHAT IT SAYS!

"TO MY COMRADE-IN-ARMS, LT. HALL, WITH FOND WISHES, JUDGE PERRY, CLINTON, TEXAS!" YEP THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS!



A PIP OF A STORY, OLD SCOUT!

THANKS, MISTER! I GUESS THEY ALL THOUGHT SO! THANK YOU KINDLY, FOLKS! THANK YOU! YOU SURE MADE AN OLD-TIMER FEEL GOOD!

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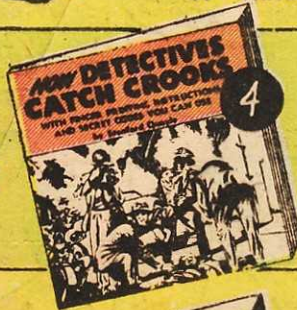


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OBEY THE LAW

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

"BUCKSKIN" FRANK COMBS

AFTER MURDERING THIRTEEN MEN, HE MET
DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A WOMAN!

FRANK
COMBS
KILLED
1881

BOY, OH BOY, HERE COME TWO
MORE PROSPEROUS LOOKIN'
PROSPECTORS! DOWN, JULIE,
IN CASE I MISS 'EM!

I'M NOT WORRIED
ABOUT YOU, MISSIN'
'EM, FRANK! YOU'RE
THE DEADDEST SHOT
IN THE WEST!

DRAW
FAST, RED -
IT'S FRANK
COMBS!

THIS IS THE TALE OF A RUTHLESS OUTLAW WITHOUT
PARALLEL! "BUCKSKIN" FRANK COMBS WOULD STOP
AT NOTHING TO GET WHAT HE WANTED! LEAVING HIS
NATIVE KENTUCKY, HE BROUGHT HIS VICIOUSNESS
TO ARIZONA, WHERE HE BECAME THE MOST HATED
MAN IN THE STATE! OUR STORY STARTS IN WESTERN
KENTUCKY, IN 1878, WHERE COMBS HAD JUST
FINISHED A TWO YEAR JAIL SENTENCE!

T. D. PRETA

THE FOLKS'LL SURE
BE GLAD TO HAVE
YA BACK AGAIN,
FRANK! YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE IN THE
FAMILY THAT CAN
HANDLE THEM
SHEPARDS, AND
SINCE YOU'VE
BEEN GONE,
THEY'VE BEEN
GETTIN' TOO
BIG FOR THEIR
BRITCHES AND
BEEN BUYIN' UP
ALL THE LAND!

SHEPARDS! I
HATE THAT NAME
SO BAD IT
MAKES MY
BLOOD BOIL
JUST TO HEAR
IT! TWO YEARS
IN JAIL JUST
FOR KILLING
ONE OF THEM!
BUT THEY WON'T
CATCH ME AT IT
AGAIN- THIS
TIME THERE'LL
BE NO WITNESSES
JED!

THAT'S WHAT
I'VE BEEN
WAITIN' T'HEAR,
FRANK- NOW
I KNOW THAT
STRETCH IN THE
POKE DIDN'T
MAKE YA LOSE
YOUR NERVE!
WE'LL MAKE
THEM SHEPARDS
WISH THEY WERE
NEVER BORN!

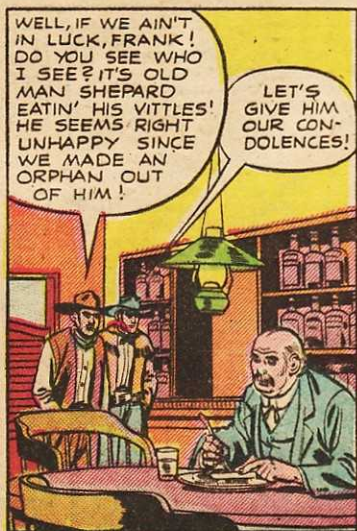
AND THE SOONER
THESE HILLS
ARE GETTIN'
TOO LAW
ABIDIN' AND
TOO PEACEFUL!
AS SOON AS
I'VE TAKEN
CARE OF THEM
SHEPARDS, I'M
HEADIN' OUT
WEST, WHERE
THEY NEED A
GOOD TRIGGER
MAN!

I SAY, LET'S FIGHT FIRE
WITH FIRE! FRANK COMBS
HAS BEEN BACK FROM
JAIL ONLY ONE WEEK
AND TODAY MY BROTHER
TIM, WAS FOUND SHOT
TO DEATH! WE CAN'T
WAIT FOR THE LAW TO
RUN DOWN THIS KILLER.
WHEN WE KNOW HE
DID IT! HE'LL KEEP
GUNNIN' TILL HE
GETS ALL OF US,
UNLESS WE GET
HIM FIRST!

LESLIE, I WON'T
HAVE THAT KIND
OF TALK UNDER
MY ROOF! WE
HAVE NO PROOF!
IF AND WHEN
WE DO GET SOME,
WE'LL SEE THAT
THE LAW TAKES
CARE OF COMBS!
UNTIL THEN, I
WANT NO MORE
TALK ABOUT
TAKING THE LAW
INTO OUR OWN
HANDS!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

SIX WEEKS LATER!

SO THIS IS BAR CREEK, ARIZONA! THE TOUGHEST TOWN IN THE WEST—WHERE A KILLIN' ON MAIN STREET DON'T CAUSE NO MORE FUSS THAN A SUNNY DAY!

THAT DANCE AT THE HOTEL TONIGHT MIGHT BE INTERESTIN'! I THINK I'LL LOOK IN ON IT!



WHO IN BLAZES IS THAT STRANGER DANCIN' WITH JULIE?

DON'T YOU KNOW WHO THAT IS, SANDY? THAT'S BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE QUITE A KILLER!



BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS? I THOUGHT I KNEW EVERY GUN TOTER THIS SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, BUT HE'S A NEW ONE TO ME! I CAN'T PLACE HIM!

NOBODY ELSE CAN, BUT HE'S BAD-AN' ADMITS IT... I WAS TALKIN' TO HIM ALONG WITH SOME OF THE OTHER BOYS!

I LIKE DANCING WITH YOU, MR. COMBS, BUT YOU MAY GET INTO TROUBLE OVER IT! SANDY WHITE, THE GRUFF LOOKING MAN WITH THE MUSTACHE OVER THERE, IS VERY JEALOUS OF ME!



A BAD MAN, EH? WELL, I'M GONNA LEARN THAT FRESH TENDERFOOT THAT HE CAN'T COME IN HERE AND STEAL MY GAL AWAY WITH HIS PRETTY DANCING! HEY, COMBS!



THAT LADY IS MY FIANCEE! DON'T DANCE WITH HER NO MORE—THAT IS—IF YOU LIKE LIVIN'!

LOOK WHO'S TALKIN'! WHY YOU LOOCED REPTILE, YOU'VE JUST SIGNED YOUR DEATH WARRANT!



NOW MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, COMBS. AND...

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GOIN' SOMEWHERE, SANDY! HAVE A DRINK!



ANYONE ELSE HERE WHO THINKS THEY CAN THREATEN FRANK COMBS, SPEAK UP NOW!



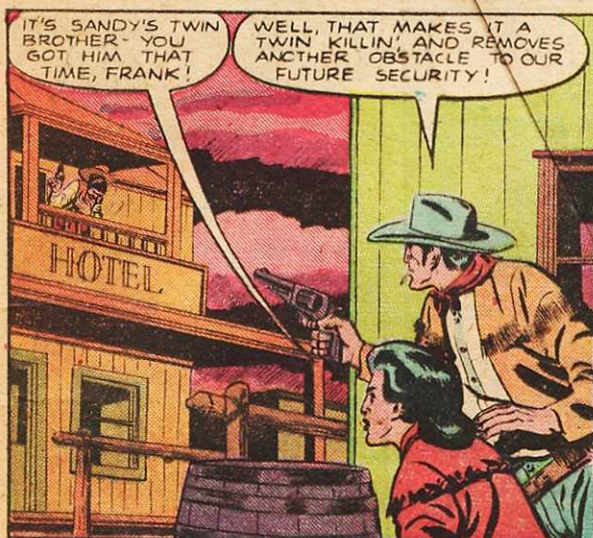
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! TWO SLUGS WENT PLUMB THROUGH HIS TICKER!

POOR SANDY WAS PRETTY LIQUORED UP! THERE WAS NO NEED FOR SHOOTING!

C'MON, MISS JULIE! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE!

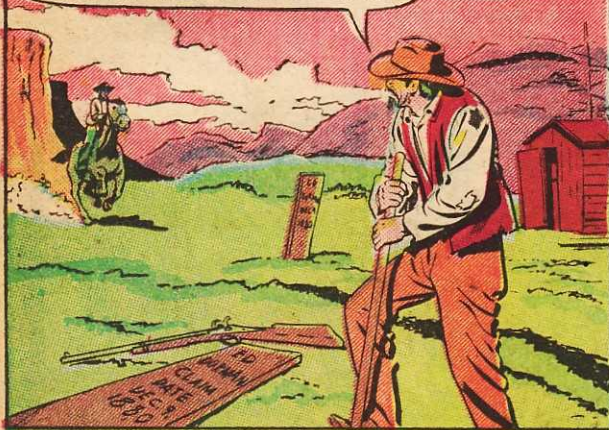


OBEDY THE LAW



OBEDIENT THE LAW

NEWS SURE GETS AROUND FAST! THAT LOOKS LIKE BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS HEADIN' THIS WAY! I WISH TONY HADN'T GONE TO TOWN AND LEFT ME ALONE! WELL, BAD MAN OR NO BAD MAN, HE AIN'T GOIN' TO JUMP NO CLAIM OF MINE!



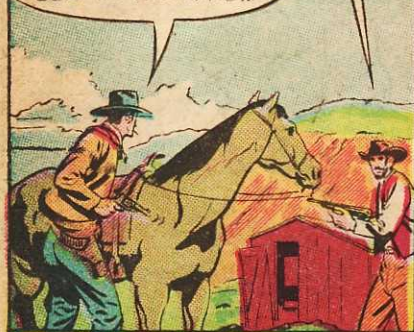
HOLD IT THERE, COMBS! THIS CLAIM'S MINE! YOU AIN'T GOT NO BUSINESS FOOLIN' AROUND HERE, AND YOU'D BETTER GO ON BACK TO TOWN MIGHTY QUICK!

WHY, ED, YOU'RE PLUMB UNFRIENDLY! I HEARD IN TOWN THAT SOME FELLAS WERE PLANNIN' TO JUMP YOUR CLAIM, AND I CAME OUT HERE TO HELP YA STAND 'EM OFF!



NEVER MIND THEM TALL TALES, COMBS! I'VE HEARD 'PLENTY ABOUT YOU LATELY, AND NONE GOOD! GRAB HOLD OF THAT SADDLE AND SWING YOURSELF ABOARD, BEFORE YA STOP A LOAD OF BUCKSHOT!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, ED! I NEVER ARGUE WITH A MAN WHO'S GOT A LOADED GUN IN HIS HAND...



TWO WEEKS LATER!

SHERIFF, HOW DO YOU RECKON JULIE COMBS KNEW THE BENSON STAGE WAS GONNA BE HELD UP TODAY, AND JUST WHERE I DON'T TRUST THAT WOMAN!

PETE, SOME WOMEN'S MOTIVES ARE AS UNPREDICTABLE AS THE WEATHER, AND JUST AS CHANGEABLE! SHE KNOWS THE STAGE IS GONNA BE HELD UP, AND IT'S UP TO US TO SEE THAT IT AIN'T. SO LET'S SWEAR IN SOME DEPUTIES FOR THE JOB! I GOT A FEELIN' SHE'S GETTIN' FED UP WITH THAT HUSBAND OF HERS AND THAT HE'S IN ON THE HOLD UP!



...NOT UNLESS I'VE GOT ONE OF MY OWN! HOWS THAT? YA DON'T MIND A LITTLE LEAD MIXED WITH YOUR SILVER, DO YOU?



IT WAS KINDA HOT DIGGIN' IN THIS HEAT, BUT IT'LL HELP GET THE IDEA ACROSS THAT BUCKSKIN FRANK COMBS DON'T LIKE TRESPASSERS ON HIS PROPERTY!



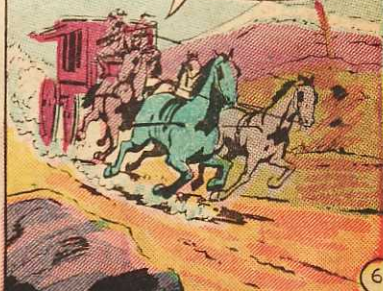
IT'S COMIN', FRANK!

GOOD! AND RIGHT ON TIME LIKE JULIE SAID! I STILL CAN'T FIGGER OUT WHY SHE WAS SO SET ON US KNOCKING OVER THIS STAGE WHEN THE MINES ARE MAKING US RICH, BUT SHE NEVER STEERED ME WRONG YET! REMEMBER, LEE, LEAVE NO WITNESSES!



JULIE WAS RIGHT, SHERIFF! HERE THEY COME AND SURE ENOUGH, BUCKSKIN FRANK IS IN THE LEAD!

I HAD NO DOUBT SHE MEANT TO GET RID OF HIM! NOW THAT HE'S DONE ALL HER DIRTY WORK AND MADE HER RICH, SHE'S GOT NO FURTHER USE FOR HIM! WELL, NEITHER HAVE WE—SO GIVE THE VARMINT A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by
CLAUDE MOORE



**WILD
BILL
HICKOK**

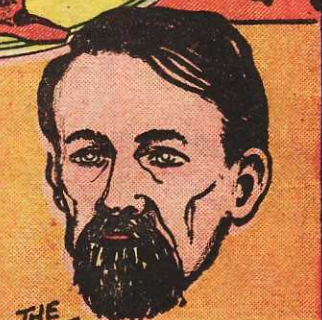
SHOT AND KILLED PHIL COE
— IN SELF DEFENSE
COE'S MOTHER OFFERED
\$10,000 REWARD TO ANYONE
WHO WOULD KILL WILD BILL
AND BRING HER HIS HEAD!
IT PLACED HICKOK'S LIFE
IN CONSTANT DANGER, FOR THERE
WERE PLENTY OF BAD MEN
WILLING TO TRY FOR THAT REWARD.
HICKOK WAS A 2-GUN MAN AND
A DEAD SHOT WITH EITHER HAND—
HE BELIEVED IN SHOOTING FIRST
AND ASKING QUESTIONS
AFTERWARDS!

ABILENE
ONE OF THE WILDEST TOWNS
OF THE OLD WEST
WAS TAMED BY ONE MAN—
MARSHAL TOM SMITH!
HE ORDERED ALL MEN TO
CHECK THEIR GUNS IN THEIR
FAVORITE STORE UNTIL THEY
WERE LEAVING TOWN!
ANYONE CAUGHT WEARING
A GUN IN TOWN WAS
KNOCKED TO THE GROUND
BY SMITH AND HIS GUN
TAKEN FROM HIM!



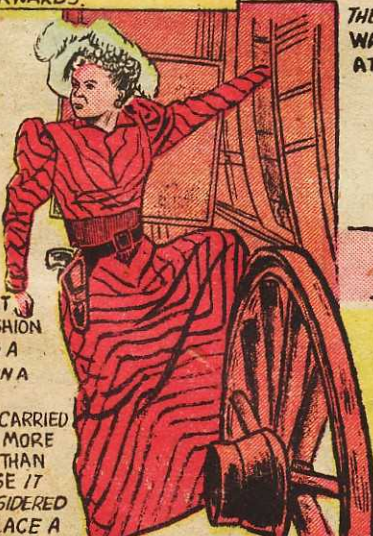
**\$ 5,000
REWARD**
FOR DEAD BANK ROBBERS
NOT ONE CENT FOR LIVE ONES!

SOME WESTERN BANKS ONCE
DISPLAYED SUCH POSTERS BUT
THEY HAD TO DISCONTINUE THE
REWARD AS TOO MANY INNOCENT
PEOPLE WERE BEING KILLED FOR
THE MONEY— IT WASN'T SAFE TO
WALK PAST A BANK
AT NIGHT!



**THE
CHIEF** OF TEXAS STATE POLICE
James Davidson
ABSCONDED WITH \$34,000
SWINDLED FROM NEWLY
RECRUITED POLICEMEN!
(THE STATE POLICE WAS ABOLISHED
IN APRIL 1873 AND THE RANGERS
STRENGTHENED.)

A
STRANGE
SIGHT
COMMON
IN THE
FRONTIER
TOWNS
WAS
A WOMAN
DRESSED
IN THE LATEST
FEMININE FASHION
AND WEARING A
6-SHOOTER IN A
HOLSTER—
THOSE WHO CARRIED
GUNS WERE MORE
DANGEROUS THAN
MEN BECAUSE IT
WASN'T CONSIDERED
RIGHT TO PLACE A
WOMAN IN JAIL AND SOME TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THIS!



**THE
PONY EXPRESS**

(WELLS-FARGO AND COMPANY) WOULD CARRY PACKAGES
FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO FOR FORTY CENTS
IN THE DAYS WHEN DESERT, INDIANS, AND ROBBERS WERE WILD!

C.H. MOORE

THE NEW SENSATION

BUCK ROGERS

Sonic Ray

Only **\$2.50 EACH**

THAT'S FOR ME!

ELECTRONIC CONVERTER

RAY CHAMBER WITH LATERAL FLASH VENTS

DURAGLASS RAY FILTER

CONVERTER LOCK

FISSION HEAT ELIMINATORS

TELE-RADAR SIGHT

URANIUM POWER CHAMBER

FISSION SPEED REGULATORS

NEUTRON RELEASE TRIGGER

SONIC RESONATOR

CYCLOTRON CHAMBER

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BUCK FIRES HIS SONIC RAY

Buck aims through Tele-Radar Sight. He presses Neutron Release trigger. This frees neutrons in Cyclotron Chamber. The neutrons are shot into Uranium Power Chamber and atoms are split at a rate controlled by Fission Speed Regulators. The splitting atoms create atomic power and give off a high frequency buzz. The high frequency buzz is amplified in Sonic Resonator. Heat generated by the atomic power is given off by Fission Heat Eliminators. The atomic power passes into the Electronic Converter where the atomic energy is changed into electric power. The electrons flow into Ray Chamber where they pass through thorium elements which in turn give off the sonic ray. Most of the ray passes through Duraglass Ray-filter which allows only the sonic ray to pass. Lower frequency rays pass out through Lateral Flash Vents.

Now YOU can own this newest, most sensational instrument. Generates a powerful beam of light and high frequency buzz that you can SEE—HEAR and FEEL! Nothing else like it. Nothing else will give you so much fun—so many thrilling hours. Nothing else will be so admired—so wanted by everybody who sees it. And only \$2.50!

You press the trigger. It lights! It sounds! It flashes! Look at all the features shown above. Think what you can do with one of these new, famous Buck Rogers Sonic Rays. Think what a wonderful gift it will make, too. Order one for yourself—and some for Christmas and birthday presents.

But order today. This is the sensation of the year. Comes to you boxed, instrument finished in beautiful, durable plastic—in three colors! Complete with batteries and special booklet giving Morse and Buck Rogers Interplanetary Code. Order now.

J. WHITFORD GORDON SALES CO.
505 N. LASALLE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE IF YOU HURRY!

Send your order now—and as a reward for promptness, we will give you a beautiful new ball-point pen with every Buck Rogers Sonic Ray you buy. This is one of America's best ball pens—yours if you send your order in early. Mail coupon today.

SEND COUPON TODAY

J. Whitford Gordon Sales Co., Dept. A
505 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me _____ Buck Rogers Sonic Ray(s) at \$2.50 each
I enclose \$_____ Send C.O.D. _____

(Note: If sent C.O.D. there will be a few cents additional charge for postage.)

Your Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SEE DANGERS THAT LURK AHEAD IN THE POWERFUL RAY



SIGNAL YOUR FRIENDS DAY OR NIGHT



YOURS—THE BUCK ROGERS INTER-PLANETARY CODE



NOTE: In Buck Rogers' dangerous adventures, he must often use a secret code. We are passing this code, known only to Buck Rogers' Rocket Rangers, on to you. Use it to send secret messages to your friends. Only those who have a Sonic Ray will know this code.

Genuine TORCAN

ELECTRIC MOTOR Only \$5.95



You can use this husky practical motor in dozens of ways. Hook it up to small lathes, mechanical toys, saws or buffing wheels. Make your own phonograph turntable, rig up a drink mixer for milk shakes. It's one of the handiest, most practical motors to come on the market in years.

Comes to you all ready to plug in and use. Nothing to assemble; no trouble or bother. Just plug it in, turn switch and watch it hum. This precision engineered induction motor develops 1/25 horsepower. Turns with full load at 1500 r.p.m.'s; without load at 1750 r.p.m.'s.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET

Finished in black wrinkle paint, complete with switch, step-down pulley, mounting brackets and a six foot cord and plug. Motor has self-oiling bearings and will run without further oiling for its full lifetime. It is abso-

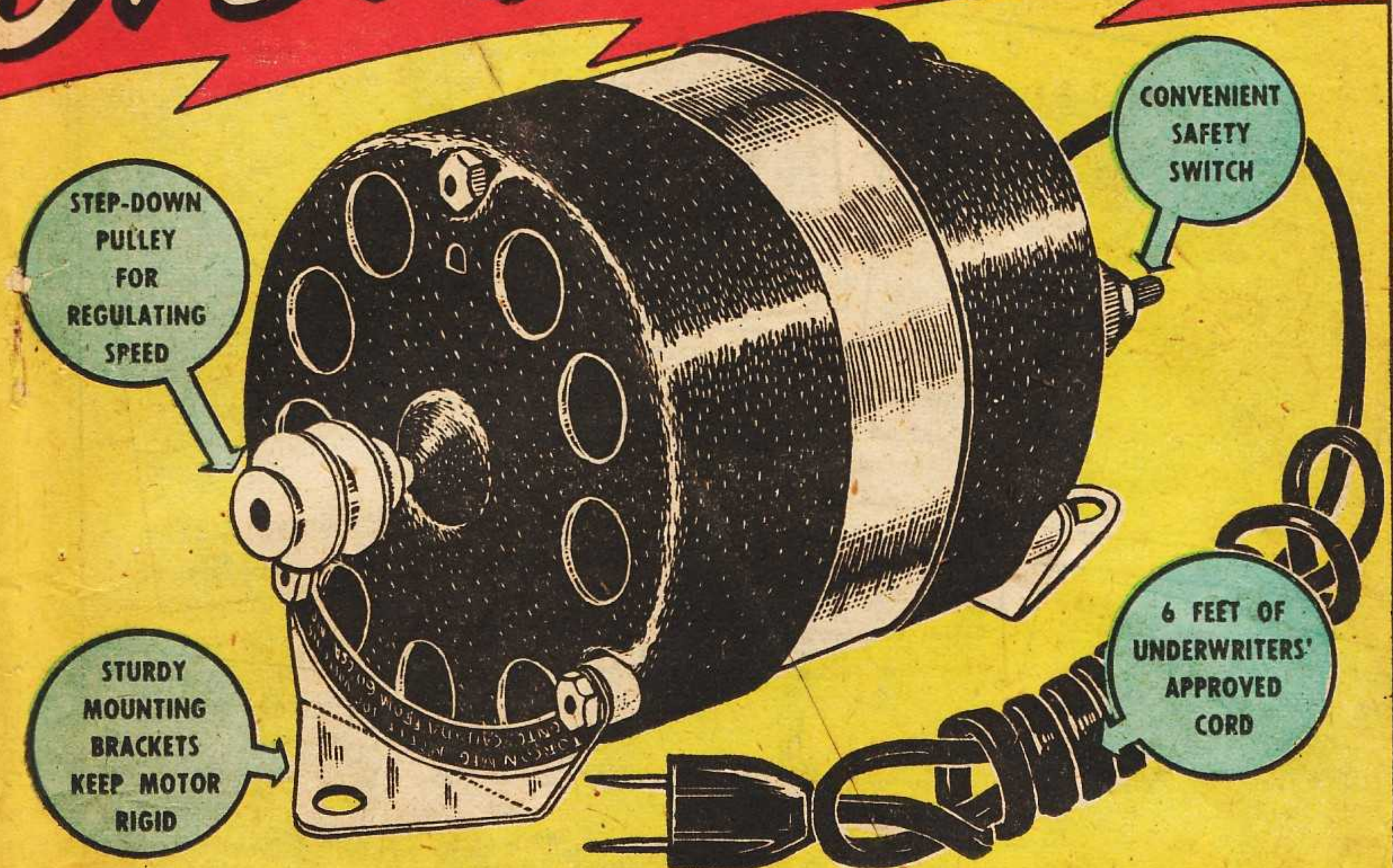
lutely silent in operation and will cause no radio interference.

Operates on 60 cycle current at 110-120 volts. Put it to work in any home that has AC current. It is strong, sturdy, dependable. Fun to own and operate.

WHAT THIS MOTOR WILL DO

There are thousands of uses for this motor in and around your home workshop, your kitchen or playroom. Use it to operate small bandsaws, buffing wheels, lathes or electric fans. Hook it up to mechanical toys, milkshake, drink mixers or beaters. Will run winders for knitting wool, small bobbins for weaving, phonograph or other turntables. Wherever you want smooth, steady power, this motor will supply it.

It is not for sale in stores. Cannot be purchased anywhere else in the United States. We send it to you for only \$5.95 postpaid. Cut out the coupon, fill in your name and address and send your order today. This genuine Torcan motor—a husky, practical, helpful, electric motor that you will use for years—will come right to your home. Get your coupon in the mail—now.



NOW you can get the kind of electric motor you have always needed and wanted. This is the kind of bargain you may never see again. So send now. Use this Coupon. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Send check or money order.

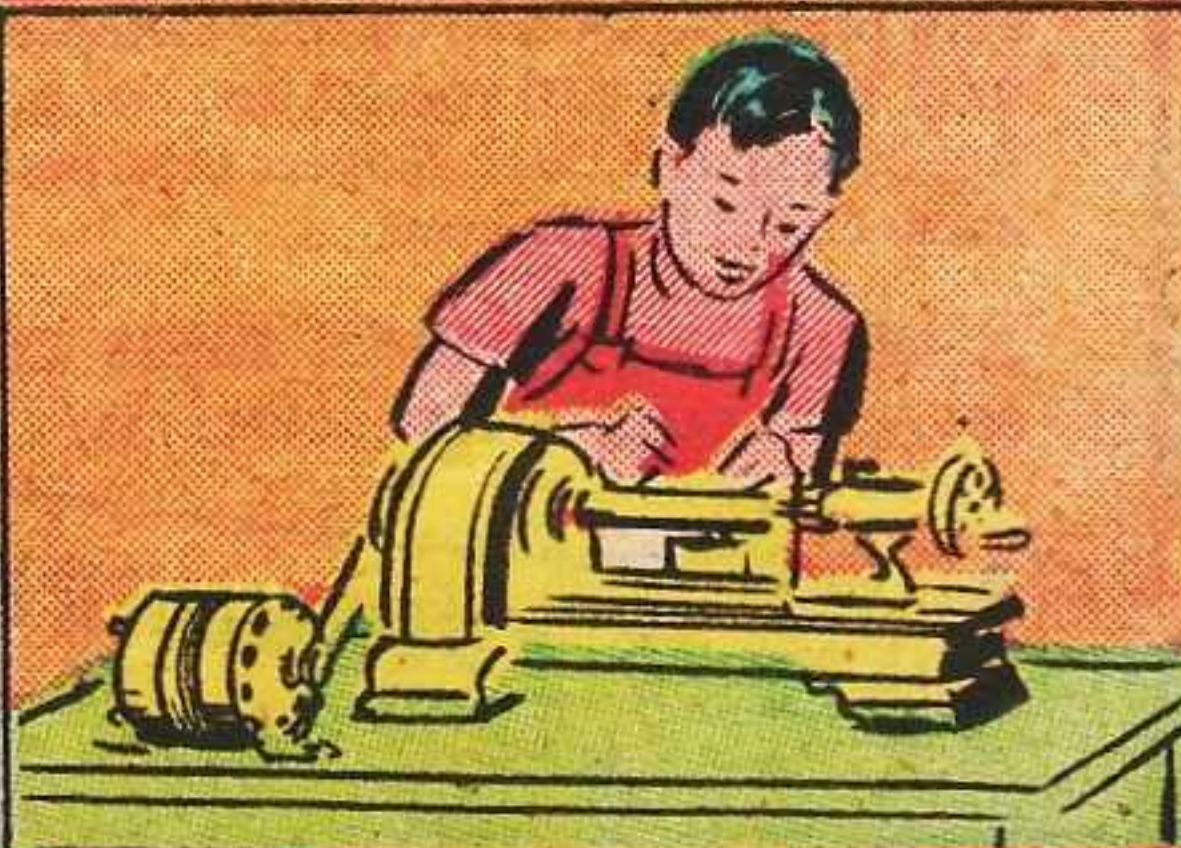
GET YOUR MOTOR NOW!
This Coupon Will Bring It to You!

Don't be disappointed. Don't delay. This motor at \$5.95 is a bargain that may not last. Now, while you can still get it at this low price, let us send it to you. Use the coupon; be sure to fill in correct name and address. And get the coupon in the mail—right away.

MECHANICAL TOYS



SMALL LATHES



DRINK or MILK SHAKE MIXERS



PHONOGRAPH TURNTABLE



AMERICAN TORCAN MOTORS 63-T CENTRAL AVENUE, OSSINING, N.Y.

American Torcan Motors
63-T Central Avenue, Ossining, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed please find \$_____ for
Torcan Electric Motors @ \$5.95 each. Please rush to me
at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

(Please print name and address clearly)

NEVER BEFORE...

IN THE HISTORY OF ILLUSTRIES HAS THE ACCLAIM OF A SINGLE STORY BEEN SO OVERWHELMING! THIS RESPONSE DEFINITELY ESTABLISHES ILLUSTRIES AS A GREAT LITERARY MEDIUM!

DEAR READERS:

IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY, THAT WE ARE CONSTANTLY TRYING TO BETTER OUR LAST EFFORTS WITH EACH NEW ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL**. ACCORDING TO THE RESPONSE TO THE STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE NO. 50, WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS! THESE ARE SOME OF THE FIRST SWELLING LETTERS THAT WE REFER TO RECEIVED! OUR FIRST OBLIGATION IS TO ENTERTAIN YOU! HOWEVER, IF THESE STORIES ARE ABLE TO TEACH SOME MORAL TO EVEN ONE WHO NEEDS IT, THEY HAVE DONE MORE THAN IS RIGHTLY EXPECTED OF THEM! THE PROOF THAT **DAREDEVIL** IS GOING EVEN ONE BETTER IS BETWEEN THE LINES OF THESE AND THE MANY THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM YOU!

the editors

I READ FEW COMICS, SO IT WAS BY ACCIDENT THAT I READ THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS. I THINK IT IS ONE OF THE BEST SHORT STORIES I HAVE EVER READ -- FROM DE MAU-PASSANT TO MARK TWAIN -- AND I ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY.

SALIE GREENBERG
531 LEONARD ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

IN YOUR **DAREDEVIL** NO. 50 I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE STORY ABOUT PETER DAVIS THAT **DAREDEVIL** TOLD. PETER DAVIS NO. 1 WAS LIKE A BOY I KNOW, AND I'M SURE IF HE READS IT, IT WILL CHANGE HIM.

GEORGE ALLEN
252 SO. THIRD AVE.
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

DEAR MR. BIRO:
MAY I, A MERE TEEN-AGER, HAVE THE HONOR TO PRESENT YOU WITH AN OSCAR AND MY OWN PERSONAL NOBEL PRIZE FOR YOUR SINCERE AND STIRRING STORY OF PETEY OF **DAREDEVIL**. I, MYSELF, AM MORE THAN WILDLY INTERESTED IN JOURNALISTIC EFFORTS, AND SINCERELY APPLAUD YOUR WONDERFUL STORY -- WHICH IN ALL REALITY CANNOT BE CALLED A STORY. IT REPRESENTS THE IDEALS OF AMERICANISM, THE HUMAN AND REAL SIDE OF OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. IT IS MORE THAN JUST A MERE TALE YOU WOVE, MR. BIRO, IT WAS TRULY AN ACHIEVEMENT. CONTINUED SUCCESS, AND MAY YOUR PUBLICATION REACH EVERY CORNER WHERE HUMAN LIFE EXISTS IN THE UNIVERSE.

MISS BEVERLY LEVIN
1355 SO. KOLIN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AFTER READING **DAREDEVIL** COMICS NO. 50, I WOULD LIKE TO COMMENT ON YOUR WONDERFUL WORK. THE STORY OF PETEY NO. 1 AND PETEY NO. 2 WAS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAIT OF A BOY WHO HAD A CHANCE TO BE A GREAT OLYMPIC STAR OR LEAD A LIFE OF CRIME, FEAR AND DESPAIR. IF MORE BOYS AND GIRLS WOULD READ THAT STORY, I'M SURE THAT THERE WOULD BE LESS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

HARRIET CUTLER
1625 EAST 13TH ST.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I HAVE JUST READ **DAREDEVIL** NO. 50. IF MORE BOYS, AND GIRLS, TOO, WOULD BE LIKE PETEY NO. 2 THERE WOULD BE LESS CRIME IN AMERICA. YOU HAVE GOD'S BLESSING FROM ME ON YOUR GOOD WORK AND YOUR INTEGRITY.

DOROTHY MAZERSKA, NO. 58
HUNGERFORD PACKING CO.
HUNGERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

I THINK **DAREDEVIL** REALLY PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY IN ISSUE NO. 50. THE SECOND PETEY DAVIS NOT ONLY MADE A GOOD FUTURE FOR HIMSELF, BUT ALSO HELPED HIS FRIEND.

MARY ANN MONAHAN
677 COURTLANDT AVE.
BRONX, NEW YORK

I LIKE ALL YOUR STORIES, BUT THE ONE THAT WAS ESPECIALLY APPEALING WAS THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS IN **DAREDEVIL** NO. 50. IT IS A VERY GOOD EXAMPLE OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE ABILITY, BUT USE IT THE WRONG WAY. I HOPE TO BE ABLE TO BUY MANY MORE OF YOUR FINE MAGAZINES.

JOHNNY LAMFIS
BOX 291
BANDERA, TEXAS

IN YOUR NO. 50 ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL** YOU SHOWED HOW A BOY LIKE PETEY DAVIS COULD HAVE CHOSEN THE BETTER PATH TO FAME INSTEAD OF MEETING AN EARLY DEATH. I'M SURE THAT MANY OTHERS LIKE MYSELF WOULD ENJOY MORE STORIES OF THAT KIND.

WANDA DATTIS
45 WARD STREET
WORCESTER, MASS.

I HAD TO SIT DOWN AND WRITE YOU A LETTER COMPLEMENTING YOU ON AN EXCELLENT ISSUE. I ESPECIALLY LIKE **DAREDEVIL**'S STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS. IT HELD MY INTEREST TO THE VERY END AS NO STORY HAS BEFORE. THANKS VERY MUCH FOR SUCH A SWELL ISSUE.

LOWELL G. GILBERT
BOX 125
OSSIAN, IOWA

THERE ARE NO WORDS TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION FOR THE FINE JOB YOUR MAGAZINE IS DOING. IN MY ESTIMATION THIS IS THE BEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT STRIKE AGAINST JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. I SHOULD LIKE TO COMPLEMENT YOU ON THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE FOR AN EXTREMELY CONVINCING AND WELL-HANDLED STORY, PLUS AN EXCELLENT JOB ON THE ART.

F.H. WITTE
HARVARD, MASS.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I ENJOYED THE PETEY DAVIS STORY IN NO. 50. YOU HAVE DONE SUCH WONDERFUL WORK IN MAKING IT EXCITING AND FEEL THAT I ACTUALLY PART IN THE STORY. I KNOW I CAN SPEAK FOR EVERYONE WHEN I SAY NO **DAREDEVIL** AND YOUR OTHER GREAT MAGAZINES.

TERESA FELICIANI
413 S. DUPONT ST.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DAREDEVIL NO. 50 WAS MARVELOUS! THE STORY IS ONE OF THE BEST I HAVE EVER READ. KEEP ON WITH THOSE TRUE-TO-LIFE, ALL-AMERICAN STORIES. THEY ARE NOT ONLY A PLEASURE TO READ FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT A GREATER PLEASURE TO READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THE ART WORK IS ALSO TERRIFIC.

LUCILLE LANUELLA
105 SHERMAN AVE.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I DON'T WRITE MANY LETTERS BUT YOUR STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN **DAREDEVIL** NO. 50 BROUGHT EXCLAMATIONS FROM THE WHOLE FAMILY. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE BEST STORY I HAVE EVER READ IN A COMIC BOOK.

GEORGE DELURY
359 AUDITORIUM CIRCLE
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL**. IT PROVES THAT GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP AND CLEAN FUN REALLY PAY OFF. IT ALSO PROVES THAT WE CHOOSE OUR OWN FUTURE, WHETHER GOOD OR BAD.

BEVERLY HAFNER
GENERAL DELIVERY
YUBA CITY, CALIF.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING **DAREDEVIL** NO. 50. I THINK THIS ISSUE ALONE IS ENOUGH TO TURN JUVENILE DELINQUENTS INTO ANGELS! **DAREDEVIL** RANKS TOPS CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AND BOY COMICS. I SALUTE YOU FOR THE FINE WORK YOU HAVE DONE.

JUDY MASTERS
2081 77TH ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

OBEY THE LAW

WHEN THE WALTONS RODE!

**A
TRUE
WILD WEST
STORY**

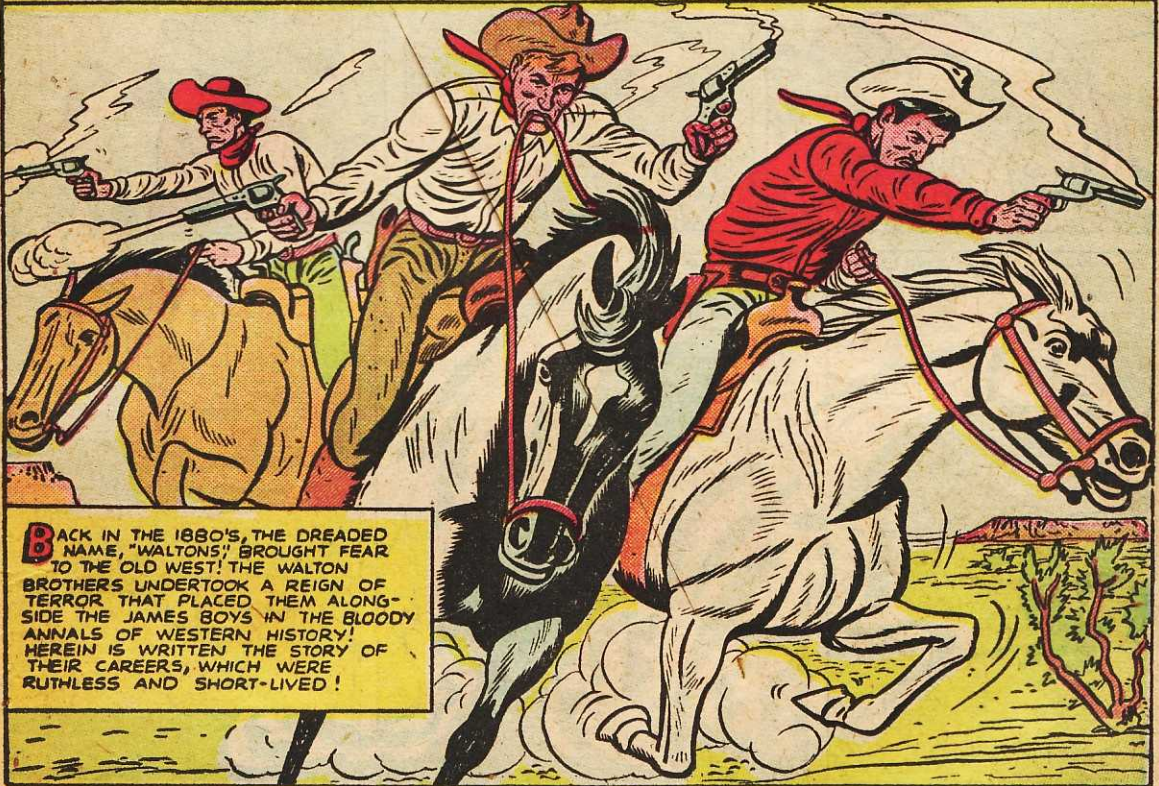
"IF YOU EVER SAW A PISTOL-BARREL WHITE HOT, THEN YOU'VE SEEN A WALTON!" THAT'S HOW THE WALTONS WERE DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE MOST FURIOUS YEARS IN FRONTIER HISTORY!

**BILL
WALTON
KILLED
1893**

**PETE
WALTON
KILLED
1893**

**JIM
WALTON
KILLED
1893**

**JACK
WALTON
KILLED
1893**



BACK IN THE 1880'S, THE DREADED NAME, "WALTONS" BROUGHT FEAR TO THE OLD WEST! THE WALTON BROTHERS UNDERTOOK A REIGN OF TERROR THAT PLACED THEM ALONGSIDE THE JAMES BOYS IN THE BLOODY ANNALS OF WESTERN HISTORY! HEREIN IS WRITTEN THE STORY OF THEIR CAREERS, WHICH WERE RUTHLESS AND SHORT-LIVED!

IN THE EARLY 1880'S THE WORK OF A PEACE OFFICER IN OKLAHOMA TERRITORY WAS OFTEN PASSED ALONG WITHIN A FAMILY AS A MATTER OF HONOR!...



IT'S ME, HENRY--YOUR FATHER! NOW YOU JUST LIE STILL AND DON'T MAKE NO FUSS, WHILE THE DOC FIXES YOU UP! SHUCKS, YOU'LL BE ON YOUR FEET IN NO TIME!



I PROMISE, HENRY, BOY! I PROMISE BILL WILL CARRY ON FOR YA, AND MAYBE JACK, TOO! THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A WALTON FOR LAW AND ORDER - I PROMISE YOU!



OBEDY THE LAW

YA MEAN DEAD, DONT YA? NOT GONE, DOC: HE'S DEAD! SOMEONE KILLED MY SON: TELL ME WHO DID IT AND WHERE HE WENT. MY SON BILL WILL FILL HIS MARSHALL'S JOB, AND JACK WILL GO ALONG AS HIS POSSE! THEY'LL BRING BACK WHOEVER DID THIS TO STAND A FAIR TRIAL! THAT'S MY WAY!

IT WAS YOUNG RODGER TWILLEY WHO DID IT, MR. WALTON! THEY HAD AN ARGUMENT OVER SOME MONEY FRANK OWED HIM: FRANK WENT FOR HIS GUN, AND THE KID BEAT HIM TO IT! I SAW IT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED, THEN I'VE GOT NO RECOURSE, BUT MEANWHILE, A KILLIN'S BEEN DONE, AND MY TWO SONS WILL TAKE FRANK'S PLACE AS DEPUTY MARSHALLS AND BRING IN TWILLEY SO'S HE CAN STAND TRIAL AN' PROVE SELF-DEFENSE! RIGHT, BILL?

DAD, I WOULDN'T WEAR A BADGE FOR ALL THE COIN IN THIS TERRITORY, BUT JACK AND I'LL BE GLAD TO GO OUT AFTER TWILLEY AS A MATTER OF FAMILY HONOR AND SEE THAT HE GETS EVERY-THING THAT'S COMIN' TO HIM!

JACK, WE WASTED A WHOLE MONTH SEARCHIN' FOR THAT TWILLEY KID - A MONTH THAT COULD HAVE BEEN USED ORGANIZIN' OUR GANG INSTEAD! WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE DOUGH AND GOOD TIMES WE COULD HAVE BEEN ENJOVIN', I'D LIKE AS NOT TO SPIT ON FRANK'S GRAVE FOR CAUSIN' US SO MUCH TROUBLE!

ME TOO, BUT IF WE LET SOME-ONE GET AWAY WITH SHOOTIN' ONE OF US WALTONS, IT'S LIABE T'GIVE OTHERS IDEAS! WE AIN'T TOO WELL LIKED FOR GIVIN' OUT SO MANY CASES OF LEAD POISON! ALREADY!

HEY, WALTONS! I GOT SOME BIG NEWS FOR YA!

AN' I MEAN A QUICK FUNERAL! I CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH KILLIN' A WALTON, EVEN IF HE WAS A LAWMAN!

MY NAME'S LUKE COOK AND I'VE GOT A SMALL FARM UP ABOVE THE BASIN! I SAW ROGER TWILLEY NOT MORE'N AN HOUR AGO SNEAKIN' BACK TOWARD HIS PLACE! I KNEW YOU'D APPRECIATE HEARIN' ABOUT IT!

TWILLEY! ARE YOU SURE? NEVER MIND, WE'LL FIND OUT FOR OURSELVES! BUT KEEP IT MUM!

COME ON, JACK, US WALTONS GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH OUR BROTHER'S KILLER!

THAT'S THE SHACK DOWN THERE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE WAITIN' HAS COME TO AN END! TOO BAD PETE AIN'T HERE!

THAT KID'S EITHER BRAVE OR CRAZY! HE'S EVEN GOT THE STOVE BURNIN' LIKE WE DIDN'T EXIST! I GUESS WE BETTER LEAVE THE HORSES HERE AND GO DOWN ON FOOT!

THIS IS A GOOD SPOT TO CALL HIM FROM! WHEN HE ANSWERS THE DOOR, I'LL DROP HIM AFOR E HE MOVES AN INCH! REMEMBER, WE WANT HIM DEAD! BUT MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SELF-DEFENSE!

DON'T WE ALWAYS?

HEY, TWILLEY! HEY, IN THERE!

TWILLEY, WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE! COME ON OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE! WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED!

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW YOU AIM TO KILL ME? I'M NO FOOL - I'LL SURRENDER ONLY TO THE MARSHALL AND NO ONE ELSE!

DARN HIM! THAT SOMBRERO COST ME TWENTY DOLLARS!

GET DOWN, YOU DANGED FOOL! YOU GIVE ME ABOUT FIVE MINUTES TO WORK MY WAY ROUND BACK! THEN CUT LOOSE LIKE YOU WERE A DOZEN MEN! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PLUG HIM FROM BEHIND!

OBEY THE LAW



THIS IS FAR ENOUGH! NOW, JUST AS SOON AS JACK CUTS LOOSE AND DRAWS HIS FIRE DOWN, I'LL RUSH THAT WINDOW!



IT SEEMS AS IF TWILLEY IS PLUMB IMPATIENT TO MEET HIS MAKER!



GIMME A CHANCE, WALTON! IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT! IT WAS HIM OR ME! YOU CAN'T KILL A MAN FOR THAT!



BANG!



HEY, JACK, COME A' RUNNIN'! THE HUNT'S OVER!



SO THAT'S THE KID THAT KILLED FRANK? YOU SURE GOT HIM, BILL!

HERE COMES THE MARSHALL NOW! DON'T FORGET IT WAS SELF DEFENSE, BILL!



GOT HERE QUICK AS I COULD, BUT I SEE IT WASN'T QUICK ENOUGH WHERE YOU WALTONS ARE CONCERNED! I SUPPOSE HE RESISTED ARREST, AND YOU COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO ARRIVE! IS THAT IT, OR DO YOU HAVE A NEWER AND BETTER EXCUSE THIS TIME?

WHY, MARSHALL, THE WAY YOU TELL IT, I RECKON YOU MUST BE A MIND READER! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! IN FACT, JACK CAN SHOW YOU THE HOLE IN HIS HAT! THAT KID, TWILLEY WAS MOST UNFRIENDLY!



I DON'T BLAME HIM, KNOWIN' HE WAS DEALIN' WITH YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY VARMINTS! BUT HERE'S SOMETHIN' YA DON'T KNOW! TWILLEY SENT IN WORD TO ME THAT HE WANTED TO SURRENDER! YOU'LL NEVER CONVINCE ME THAT THIS WAS ANYTHING BUT MURDER!

AND NO JURY WILL EVER CONVICT ME, EITHER! ME AND JACK WAS TRYIN' TO GIVE THE LAW A LITTLE HELP, THAT'S ALL!

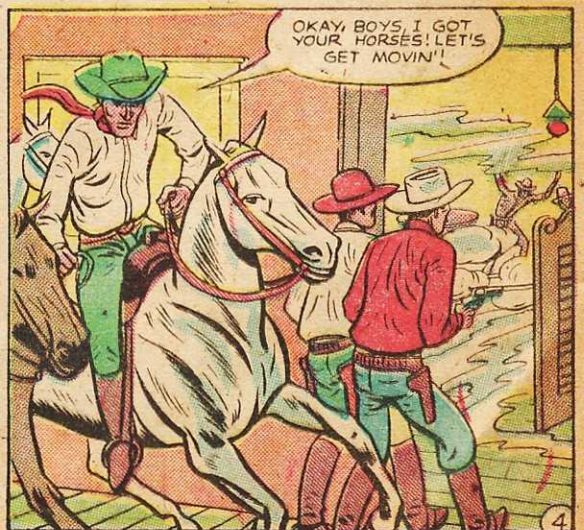


THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN HELP THE LAW IS BY GETTIN' YOURSELVES KILLED! THEN, MAYBE DECENT, LAWFUL FOLKS COULD BREATHE EASIER AT NIGHT! I'VE KNOWN ABOUT YOUR NIGHT-RIDIN' FOR SOME TIME, AND I'M WARNIN' YA! IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL GET OUTTA THIS TERRITORY AND HEAD WEST!

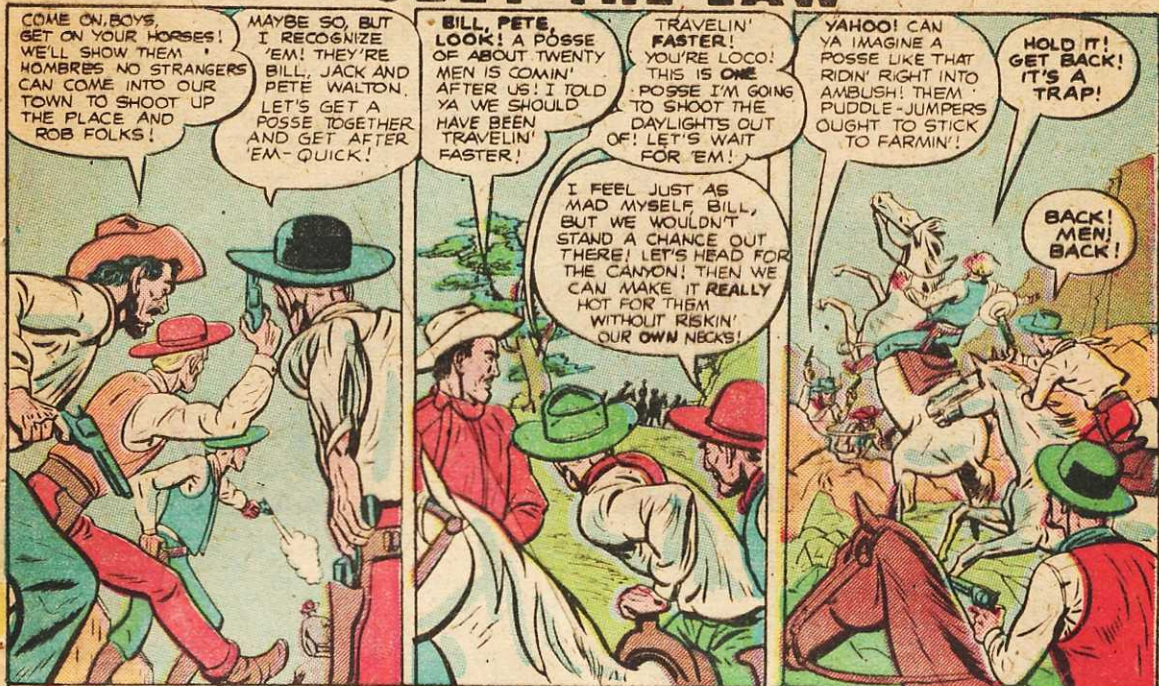
MARSHALL, I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO GET THE IDEA THAT YOU RAN THE WALTONS OUTTA OKLAHOMA, BUT IT SO HAPPENS WE WERE JUST PLANNIN' A LITTLE TRIP! BUT WE'LL BE BACK, SO DON'T START CHEERIN' TOO SOON!

COME ON, JACK, WE'LL GET PETE AN' PULL OUT TONIGHT! THIS TOWN IS GETTIN' TOO TAME!

OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

PETE, I WANT YOU TO RIDE TO CALIFORNIA TO TALK TO JIM, AND SEE IF HE'D LIKE TO JOIN US! WE'RE GOIN' TO NEED A GANG—THE BEST BOYS IN THE TERRITORY! I KNOW TED BAILEY, CHARLIE GRACE, PAT POWERS, AND A FEW MORE WHO'D LOVE TO GET IN A FEW LICKS AGAINST THE RAILROAD! WE'LL LINE UP THINGS TILL YA GET BACK—THEN WE'LL GET MOVIN'! WE WALTONS WILL MAKE PEOPLE'S BLOOD RUN COLD IN OKLAHOMA BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!



BILL, HONEY, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME—BUT IT ISN'T SAFE HERE! THE RAILROAD MEN ARE EVERYWHERE! OH, BILL, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE THEY CATCH YOU!



CATCH ME, EUGENIA? NOBODY LIVIN' DRIVES THE WALTONS AWAY FROM HOME! THIS IS A FIGHT TO THE FINISH! THEY SAY I'M AN OUTLAW NOW—OKAY, I AM ONE! I'LL BE THE WORST IN THE WHOLE SOUTHWEST! IF THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE TURNIN' OUT, IT'S OKAY BY ME! BUT I CAN'T ASK YOU TO SHARE THAT KIND OF LIFE!

I WON'T LET YOU GO WITHOUT ME! YOU'RE MY MAN, BILL, RIGHT OR WRONG! I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME I HAVE LEFT! YOU KNOW ABOUT MY BAD HEART—AND I WANT TO SPEND IT ALL WITH YOU!

I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT! LET'S YOU AN' ME VISIT THE PARSON!



NOW THAT WE'RE MARRIED, I CAN GET BUSY WITH THE GANG!

AND I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU! I KNOW MOST OF THE STATION AGENTS, AND I'VE LEARNED TELEGRAPHY, AND I COULD TELL YOU WHEN VALUABLE SHIPMENTS WERE COMING THROUGH, LIKE THAT ONE FROM A BANK IN BENTON TOMORROW NIGHT! THERE SHOULD BE \$14,000 ON IT!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

THE TRAIN'LL HAVE TO SLOW DOWN AT THE TURN! I'LL BOARD HER THEN, AND YOU KEEP THE HORSES RUNNIN' ALONGSIDE TILL I GET THE MONEY BAGS!



THAT SOUNDS LIKE GOOD FIGURIN' TO ME, BILL!

A RAILROAD, DICK, AIN'T YA? WELL, HERE'S MY AUTHORIZATION—A .45 SLUG WITH YOUR NAME ON IT—COURTESY OF BILL WALTON!



DID YOU GET THE MONEY?

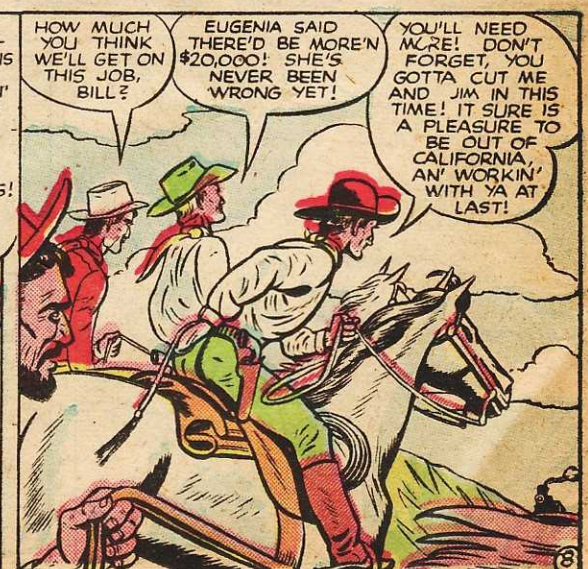
EVERY BLASTED CENT! THE RAILROAD WILL BE SORRY THEY EVER STARTED AFTER US WALTONS BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!



OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW

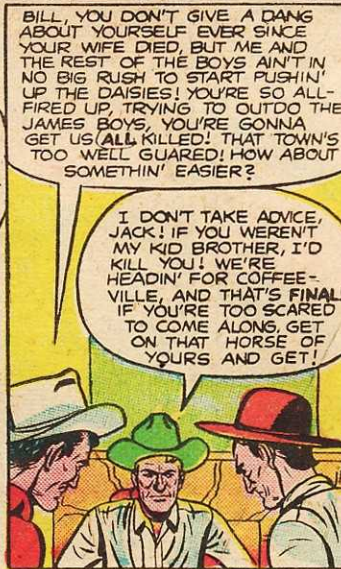


OBEDY THE LAW



WE CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR ABOUT THE NEXT JOB Y'GOT LINED UP FOR US, BILL! PETE TELLS ME IT'S GONNA PUT US IN CLOVER THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

HE'S RIGHT, IT'S GONNA MAKE US THE RICHEST AND MOST FEARED GANG IN THE WEST! TOMORROW WE'RE HEADIN' FOR COFFEEVILLE, KANSAS! THERE'S TWO BANKS IN THAT TOWN AND WE'RE TAKIN' 'EM BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!



BILL, YOU DON'T GIVE A DANG ABOUT YOURSELF EVER SINCE YOUR WIFE DIED, BUT ME AND THE REST OF THE BOYS AIN'T IN NO BIG RUSH TO START PUSHIN' UP THE DAISIES! YOU'RE SO ALL-FIRED UP, TRYING TO OUTDO THE JAMES BOYS, YOU'RE GONNA GET US ALL KILLED! THAT TOWN'S TOO WELL GUARDED! HOW ABOUT SOMETHIN' EASIER?

I DON'T TAKE ADVICE, JACK! IF YOU WEREN'T MY KID BROTHER, I'D KILL YOU! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR COFFEEVILLE, AND THAT'S FINAL! IF YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO COME ALONG, GET ON THAT HORSE OF YOURS AND GET!



OCTOBER 5, 1893...COFFEEVILLE, KANSAS...

THAT'S FUNNY! I'M SURE THOSE MEN GOING INTO THE BANK ARE WEARIN' FALSE WHISKERS! MAYBE I BETTER HAVE A LOOK- IT MIGHT BE THE WALTONS!



WHY, THEY'RE ROBBIN' THE BANK! HELP! HELP! THE WALTONS ARE ROBBING THE BANK- HELP!



THE BUTCHER'S SHOUTS SOON AROUSED THE TOWNFOLK AND A FIERCE BATTLE BROKE LOOSE!



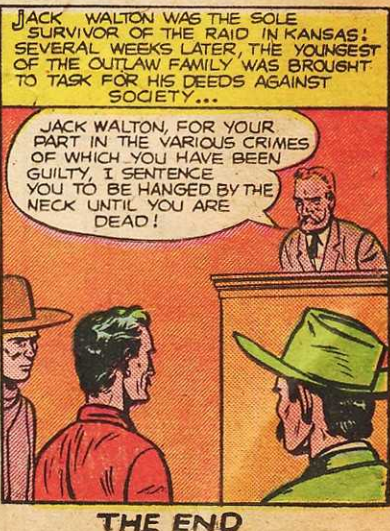
THE WALTONS FINALLY MET MORE THAN THEIR MATCH!

BILL, JIM AND JACK ARE DONE FOR! NEVER MIND THE MONEY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



LOOKS LIKE WE CAN CALL OFF THE MANHUNT! COFFEEVILLE'S GONNA GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE LAST PORT OF THE WALTONS! WE GOT THEM ALL! THIS IS BILL AND THAT'S PETE!

AND TWO MORE OF THE GANG ARE ON THE STEPS OF THE BANK, NOT TO MENTION JACK, WHO'S SHOT TO PIECES BUT MAY LIVE! WELL, THEY WANTED A PRIVATE WAR AND GOT IT!



JACK WALTON WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE RAID IN KANSAS! SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, THE YOUNGEST OF THE OUTLAW FAMILY WAS BROUGHT TO TASK FOR HIS DEEDS AGAINST SOCIETY...

JACK WALTON, FOR YOUR PART IN THE VARIOUS CRIMES OF WHICH YOU HAVE BEEN GUILTY, I SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD!

THE END



"TRIGGER ED" CRAIG'S LAST STAND

IN THE early winter of 1881, throughout the great Southwest, there was one name that brought fear into the hearts of sturdy frontiersmen. Trigger Ed Craig, leader of a vicious gang that looted the entire cattle country, killing, robbing, rustling, and murdering. It was a grim-lipped group of men that met for a solemn purpose on January 25, in the offices of the famed Texas Rangers.

"They tell us you know Trigger Ed Craig by sight, Mike! That's one reason we've appointed you!"

Mike Thorne, the newly



MIKE THORNE

sworn-in member of the famed Texas Rangers, who had repeatedly proved his courage as a Deputy U. S. marshal, nodded.

"I sure do," he said, "We came from the same neck of the woods and did a bit of hunting and punching cows together. We were pretty close."

"You know he's already killed fourteen men?"

"Yeah, I know all about it. He always was hot-tempered and quick on the draw. But don't worry, I'll get him for you.

That's why I joined up."

The commanding officer of the Rangers was skeptical. Lots of men had spoken that way. They were in graveyards now. But that fact didn't seem to worry the tall, lanky officer. Nor did a message delivered to him a few days later:

"Mike: I hear you're after me. It'll be a pleasure to accommodate you, so come and get me. And bring your coffin! Ed"

It wasn't hard for Thorne to locate the quick-triggered murderer, whose name in the Southwest was feared more than that of any other badman in 1881. The day following his appointment he received another note: *"Trigger Ed near Yellow Creek."*

Two days later the new ranger and his posse arrived at the oddly-named place. They soon learned that the desperado and his gang were making temporary headquarters in an abandoned cabin.

It was four in the morning, on a bitterly cold day with a foot of snow on the ground, as the posse approached the cabin cautiously.

"We'll just wait here, boys," Thorne said, indicating a sheltered area that encircled the cabin. "They've got to come out some time."

The posse made themselves as comfortable as they could, considering the location and the sub-zero winds that blasted the whirling snow into their faces. But they didn't have long to wait. At five o'clock, the cabin door opened and a man stepped out with a bag of oats for the horses.

"It's Bat Terrill, Craig's right-hand man!" Thorne whispered. He leapt to his feet, Winchester ready for action.

"Don't move, Bat, you're covered."

The outlaw's hand whipped out his gun, but Thorne's gun exploded, sending a load of lead into the bandit's chest before he could fire.

Terrill had been driven back into the doorway by the force of the bullet. Now he was half inside, swinging around in a crazy half-circle.

Then a voice came from the cabin which Thorne recognized from years gone by—a sharp, metallic, high-pitched voice, belonging to Trigger Ed Craig. And the words he spoke and the action he took symbolized as well as anything could, his utter and complete heartlessness:



"TRIGGER" ED CRAIG

"You're through, Bat," he said. "They've drilled you plumb through!"

He gave the mortally wounded desperado a savage push with his booted foot that sent him flying out into the snow.

"Get one of them!" he



screamed. "Get one of them before you die!"

Terrill, staggering in a dance of death, groped for his gun.

"I wish — I — could — I wish I could," he gasped, and fell dead in the snow.

All day long, Thorne and his men kept their vigil, occasionally exchanging shots with those in the cabin. Thorne felt sure he wouldn't have long to wait. No smoke came from the chimney, and it was possible that the outlaws also had little food. Later in the afternoon this was corroborated when one of the posse boiled some coffee. The smell wafted toward the cabin.

"How about giving us a little of that coffee, Mike," Trigger Ed called out.

"Sure, Ed, you can have all you want if you give up. You might as well—you haven't got a chance. I'll see that you get a fair trial."

"Fair trial!" the outlaw jeered. "That's just what I'm afraid of. If you can guarantee we won't get a fair one—we'll come out."

Just as it was getting dark, however, he called out, "OK, Mike, we're coming out."

"All right — just keep your hands up and don't try any funny business, and throw your guns out first!"

Led by Trigger Ed, the half-frozen and famished outlaws filed out. Three of the men with Craig were wanted for various holdups and cattle rustling, and another man was an escaped murderer of two cattlemen.

Back in town it was decided that for purposes of safety, Trigger Ed was to be confined

in a room on the second floor over the courtroom. Mike Thorne appointed Dale Tempar and Bob Knight, two of his most trusted men, to watch him and gave strict instructions that at no time of the day or night was he to be left alone. He had him handcuffed and leg-ironed, knowing from his youth that Trigger Ed would stop at nothing, including murder, to escape.

Craig could be amiable and charming enough when it suited his purpose, and he became particularly friendly with Tempar. In the midst of a funny story, a few days later, he lashed out with his handcuffs and struck the deputy a stunning blow on the head.

As the officer, semi-conscious,



staggered back, the murderer pulled out his gun and keys. Tempar, now partially recovered, ran toward the steps lead-

ing downstairs, intending to give the alarm. Craig fired, killing him instantly, and then wasting no time, hobbled to an adjoining room where he dug up a file and cut his way through his leg irons. Then he waited for Bob Knight, who had the outside door keys, to return from dinner.

About a half hour later, unaware of anything wrong, Knight unlocked the door.

"Hello, Bob," Trigger Ed greeted him, sending a bullet through his heart.

Without even a backward glance at his sixteenth victim, the outlaw raced down stairs, leapt on the first pony he saw, and rode away to freedom.

Thorne was not the kind of man to waste time in useless regrets. A few hours after the escape, he had organized another posse and was out on the trail once again.

The posse reached the vicinity of Fort Worth on the afternoon of February 12, 1882. It was the fifth or sixth journey they had made following Craig's escape. They had heard that Trigger Ed would visit a certain girl in Fort Worth that night. They kept watch outside the girl's house until midnight and when Craig had not appeared, the disgusted posse was about to return to headquarters when Thorne had an idea.

"I'm going to Steve Holland's," he said, "and see if he knows anything." Holland was a suave gambler with a bad reputation for having many connections with outlaws, and although he had been too shrewd

to be caught in anything illegal, Thorne knew that Holland might be willing to trade any information he had for future consideration by the law.

"Steve'll be asleep," Thorne remarked to Deputies Tom Ferris and Rod Keller. "But I know his place inside out. He sleeps in a corner room. You two wait out here, and I'll go in and have a chat with him."

Thorne entered, put his Winchester against the door just inside of Steve's room and walked over to the bed where the man slept to awaken him. Not wanting to startle him, Thorne sat down on the edge of the bed,



and reached over with his left hand to gently shake the sleeping man.

"It's Mike Thorne," he said softly, as soon as Holland had opened his eyes.

Before Holland was fully awake, there was a sharp inquiry from the porch just outside of his room. Just three startled words, "Who is it?"

An electric shock shot through the tense body of the Ranger. It wasn't the words that had shocked him. It was the voice. For the owner of it was unmistakable. That voice belonged to Trigger Ed Craig! Before Holland could answer, Thorne clapped one hand over his mouth and held him down with the other.

There was a period of dead silence. Momentarily Thorne expected to hear a shot. It wasn't usual for Trigger Ed to ask questions. He just killed.

There was nothing he could do. He could feel Holland quivering under his hand. He couldn't let go. Holland probably had a gun handy, and it looked as though he had been harboring the fugitive. He couldn't go to his deputies for assistance — Craig might kill him; and if he moved, Holland might shoot him or scream a warning to the gunman.

Then silence again and a shuffling noise came across the porch. Thorne gripped Holland's arm, with a warning conveyed through steel fingers. Craig's footsteps came closer, into the doorway of the room, where he half turned to face the bed.

"I heard some one on the porch—is he in here, Steve?" he asked more sharply.

Holland, held firm beneath Thorne's grip, remained silent. The outlaw whirled and came closer to the gambler's bed.

The Ranger's right hand gripped his gun. His left still held on to Steve. Trigger Ed, he knew, would never give up again. Craig's eyes traveled over the room, becoming used to the darkness. Thorne could see his startled look as his eyes took in the shape alongside the bed.

Thorne fired once, dropped to the floor, rolled sideways and

fired again. The explosions reverberated throughout the small room. Craig's body dropped to the floor. There was a metallic



sound of spurs clinking, then a gurgling, choking noise, a half-cough.

"Don't move, Holland, I've got you covered," barked Thorne, as he called for his deputies.

Seconds later, Ferris and Keller arrived and lit a candle. The dim outlines of the flickering light showed the unmoving body on the floor. Satisfied at last that Craig was really dead, Thorne stepped forward, holstering his gun. Infamous Trigger Ed Craig had come at last to his richly deserved fate. For his part in harboring the outlaw, Steve Holland was given a quick sentencing. *the End*



OBEDY THE LAW

WESTERN WHODUNNIT?

TEST YOUR WITS--HOW GOOD
A SHERIFF ARE YOU?



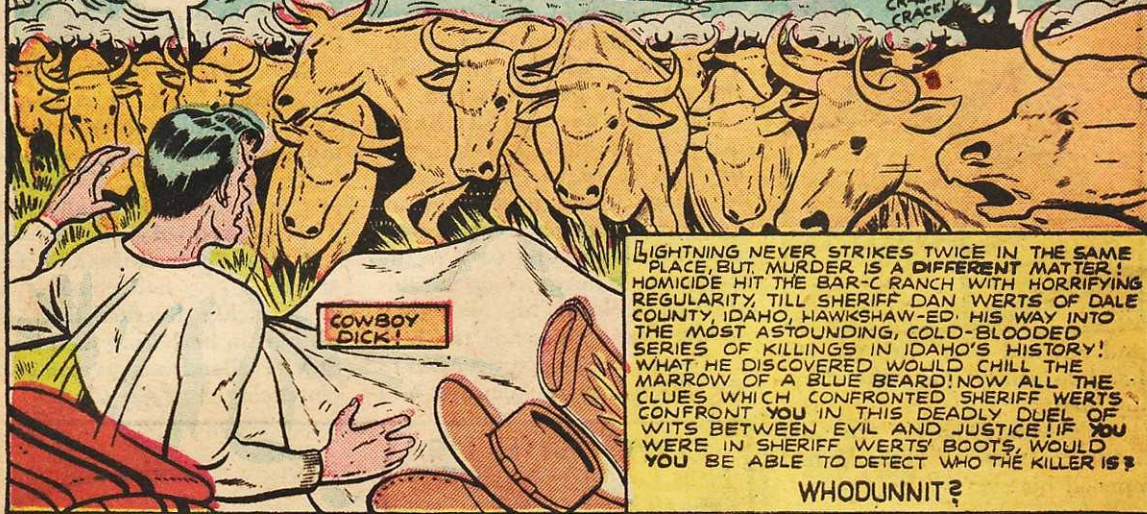
JACK, THE
COOK?

BOSS
CORDWAY?

CHARLOTTE
CORDWAY?

RAINBOW
JONES?

LUCKLESS
LORMER?



LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE, BUT MURDER IS A DIFFERENT MATTER! HOMICIDE HIT THE BAR-C RANCH WITH HORRIFYING REGULARITY, TILL SHERIFF DAN WERTS OF DALE COUNTY, IDAHO, HAWKSHAW-ED HIS WAY INTO THE MOST ASTOUNDING, COLD-BLOODED SERIES OF KILLINGS IN IDAHO'S HISTORY! WHAT HE DISCOVERED WOULD CHILL THE MARROW OF A BLUE BEARD! NOW ALL THE CLUES WHICH CONFRONTED SHERIFF WERTS CONFRONT YOU IN THIS DEADLY DUEL OF WITS BETWEEN EVIL AND JUSTICE! IF YOU WERE IN SHERIFF WERTS' BOOTS, WOULD YOU BE ABLE TO DETECT WHO THE KILLER IS?

WHODUNNIT?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT
NEAR DEAF FALLS, IDAHO!

LUKE, I DO WISH YOU'D STOP DRINKING WHILE YOU DRIVE! THE ROADS ARE SO NARROW UP HERE AND...

M-MARRIED ONLY TWO HOURS AN... SHIC'S MISTRUSTIN' YOUR HUBBY ALREADY! YOU SURE GOT YOUR OLD MAN'S BLOOD, ALICE! BOSS CORDWAY WOULDN'T TRUST HIS LEFT HAND UNLESS HE KNEW WHAT IT WAS DOING!

AN' TALKING OF BOSS CORDWAY.. WON'T HE BE A PRETTY PICTURE TOMORROW MORNING WHEN HE FINDS OUT HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER SKIDADDLED INTO MATRIMONY WITH A NO-ACCOUNT RANCH HAND.. SHIC'S HA, HA! I GOTTA LAUGH EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE BOSS'S FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT!

L-LUKE! OUR REAR TIRE BLEW OUT! LUKE, SLOW DOWN!

WE'VE GOT A BLOWOUT! I CAN'T CONTROL HER!

LUKE! W-W-E'RE CRASHING INTO THE RAILING!



OBEDY THE LAW



YEE!!!

WE HAVE A PRETTY CLEAR PICTURE OF WHAT HAPPENED, MR. CORDWAY! YOUR DAUGHTER, ALICE, ELOPED WITH LUKE FESTER LAST NIGHT! LUKE WAS DRINKING HEAVILY, AND WHEN THE BLOWOUT OCCURRED, HE COULDN'T CONTROL THE CAR!

THAT SHIFTLESS COW-HAND TURNED MY DAUGHTER'S HEAD WITH HIS FLATTERY AND DROVE HER TO HER DESTRUCTION! BUT A REPETITION OF THIS TRAGEDY WILL NEVER OCCUR... NOT WHILE I LIVE TO TAKE THE LAW INTO MY OWN HANDS!

WHAT DID CORDWAY MEAN BY THAT, JIM?

WHAT HE SAID, SHERIFF! HE'S A TOUGH OLD EGG! CORDWAY'S A SICK MAN, HAS A BAD HEART, FOLKS SAY HE HASN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE! ANOTHER THING, HE HATES COWBOYS... HE WANTED HIS TWO GIRLS TO MARRY TWO FELLERS, AN' HE'S USED TO HAVING HIS OWN WAY! THAT CORDWAY IS A TOUGH GUY TO CROSS!



YOU'RE ALL FIRED, EXCEPT JAKE BLADES AND LUCKLESS LORIMER! THERE WERE SOME OF YOU BESIDES LUKE FESTER... CURSE HIS DIRTY SOUL... WHO WERE SWEET ON MY GALS, SO THE WHOLE MANGY PACK OF YOU ARE THROUGH! I'M HIRIN' ALL NEW HANDS, BLIND ONES IF NEED BE-BUT NONE OF 'EM'LL LOOK AT MY DAUGHTER!

HE'S SURE GOT AN OBSESSION ABOUT HIS GALS! I'M GLAD I'M LEAVIN'! IF I HAPPENED TO LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM SIDWAYS, I MIGHT FIND A BULLET IN MY BACK!

JAKE, YOU'VE GOT A WIFE IN DENTON, AND LUCKLESS, YOU'RE TOO OLD TO EVEN NOTICE A GAL, SO YOU'RE BOTH OKAY! BUT THE NEW RANCH-HANDS MUST BE CAREFULLY SCREENED! IF ANY OF 'EM LOOKS EVEN ONCE IN CHARLOTTE'S DIRECTION, I'LL NOT WAIT TO FIRE HIM... I'LL KILL HIM! I WON'T HAVE A REPETITION OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ALICE!

OKAY, BOSS, I'LL GO TO DEAF FALLS AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AT THE EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!

I HEAR THERE'S A LOT OF HIRIN' GOING ON AT THE BAR C RANCH?

YOU HEARD RIGHT, BUT I'LL TELL YOU CONFIDENTIAL-LIKE WHAT BOSS CORDWAY IS LOOKIN' FOR! HE WON'T TAKE ANYBODY WHO'LL LOOK TWICE AT HIS DAUGHTER, CHARLOTTE! HE HATES COWBOYS, AN' HE'S AFRAID SHE'LL RUN OFF AND MARRY ONE!

HEAR THAT, RAINBOW? YOU'LL HAVE TO CONTROL THAT LADY-KILLIN' OF YOURS!

DEAF FALLS, IDAHO EMPLOYMENT AGENCY RANCH WORK AVAILABLE APPLY HERE



WE CAN BUST BRONCS, WORK CATTLE, DOCTOR STEERS, ANY-THIN' IN THE LINE OF RANCH WORK IS OUR MEAT!

HMM... THEY DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT CHARLOTTE ONCE! THESE BOYS'LL DO!

OKAY, YOU MEN ARE HIRED! TELL THE CLERK TO SEND IN THE OTHER TWO APPLICANTS!

WHAT'S THE LOWDOWN ON THIS GUY, CORDWAY? WHY IS HE SO CAREFUL ABOUT HIS DAUGHTER?

HE AIN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD, AND HE DOESN'T WANT HER RUNNING OFF AND LEAVIN' HIM ALONE! SHE'S AN HEIRESS WORTH A MILLION, AN' HE DOESN'T WANT HER WASTED ON A ROUGHNECK COWPUNCHER!

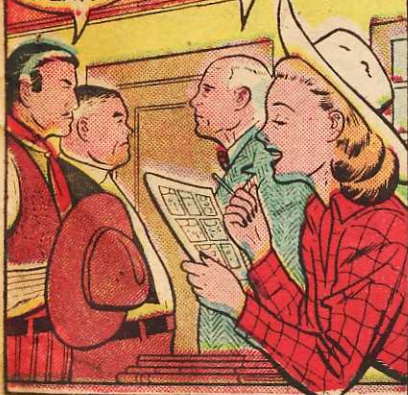
AN' HERE'S, EH! VERY INTERESTING!

LATER... IN THE BAR C BUNKHOUSE!

YOU NEW MEN'LL TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM ME, WHEN THE FOREMAN AIN'T AROUND! I'M LUCKLESS LORIMER! I. S-SAY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

YOU'LL STAY LUCKLESS, CHUM, IF YOU KEEP TELLIN' US WHAT WE GOTTA DO! IF THERE'S ANY ORDERS, I'LL GIVE 'EM!

YOU TELL HIM, RAINBOW!



OBEDIENT THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



DANCED IF YOU AIN'T RIGHT, JUNGLES! HE'S AFTER CHARLOTTE SURE ENOUGH! AN' SHE SEEMS TO GO FOR HIS LINE!

LET'S INCH UP CLOSER AN' HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYIN'!

IT'S A SHAME A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU AIN'T PERMITTED TO ASSOCIATE WITH MEN, MISS CORDWAY! YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR LIFE CATERIN' TO YOUR FATHER'S LOCO IDEAS ABOUT COWHANDS!



YOU'RE RIGHT, RAINBOW! FATHER'S NOTHING BUT A TYRANT! THAT'S WHY ALICE RAN AWAY WITH LUKE FESTER! SHE COULDN'T STAND FATHER ANY MORE! I CAN'T WAIT FOR FATHER TO DIE TO START LIVING! IF I COULD ONLY FIND A MAN WHO'D TAKE ME AWAY FROM ALL THIS - A MAN WHO COULD DEFY FATHER!

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT HIM, CHARLOTTE!



I'LL TAKE YOU AWAY, AND YOUR FATHER WON'T DARE STOP US!

OH, RAINBOW, THANKS! FATHER HAS BEEN SO CRUEL! I'VE BEEN SHUT AWAY FROM THE WORLD EVER SINCE MOTHER DIED, BECAUSE FATHER'S BEEN LONELY AND HE'S AFRAID OF BEING LONELIER! STILL IF I WERE TO MARRY - BUT I HAVE MY OWN LIFE TO LEAD!

ONE OF THE NEW COW-HANDS IS WITH MY DAUGHTER IN SPITE OF MY WARNING!



FATHER IS CRUEL TO MAKE ME LIVE FOR HIM ALONE! AFTER ALL, EVERY WOMAN WANTS A HUSBAND, A HOME AND A LIFE OF HER OWN! YOU'LL GIVE ME THOSE THINGS, WON'T YOU, RAINBOW?

WITH YOUR KIND OF DOUGH IN THE BANK, HEIRLESS, WHO WOULDN'T! OF COURSE, CHARLOTTE! NOW GIVE RAINBOW A BIG KISS!

I CAN'T SEE WHICH ONE OF THE NEW HANDS IT IS... BUT I'LL PLAY SAFE! I'LL FIX 'EM ALL! ONE DIRTY COWPOKE IS AS BAD AS THE REST!



YOU KNOW WHAT I'M THINKIN', JUNGLES!

SURE - THE SAME THING I'M THINKIN'! WE BETTER REACH AN UNDER-STANDIN' WITH BROTHER RAINBOW - A MONETARY UNDERSTANDIN'!

OH, RAINBOW! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY!



IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP, LOVERBOY! WHAT'S OUR CUT OF THE DOUGH IF WE DON'T TELL THE OLD MAN ABOUT YOU AND CHARLOTTE?

DON'T LOOK SO INNOCENT! WE KNOW YOUR GAME! CHARLOTTE'S AN HEIRLESS! YOU'LL COLLECT PLENTY WHEN YOU GET HER IN FRONT OF A PREACHER! WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH US, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE US OUR SHARE!

YOU GUYS ARE BALMY!



LET'S FACE IT, RAINBOW! WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON YOU! YOUR LIFE AIN'T WORTH A CENT IF WE TELL OLD MAN CORDWAY! JUST RESIGN YOURSELF TO A SPLIT OF THE LOOT!

AN' JUST REMEMBER, RAINBOW, WE KNOW YOU PRETTY WELL SO DON'T TRY ANY DOUBLE-CROSS!

OKAY GUYS - YOU WIN! I CUT YOU IN FOR HALF OF WHAT I GET!



WHERE'S THE MONEY? I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! THOSE NEW RANCH HANDS ARE DUE HERE SOON AND I DON'T WANT THEM TO CATCH ME RUSTLIN' MY BOSS'S CATTLE!

TAKE IT EASY, BLADES! WE AIN'T FINISHED COUNTIN' HEADS YET! ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES AND YOU'LL COLLECT!

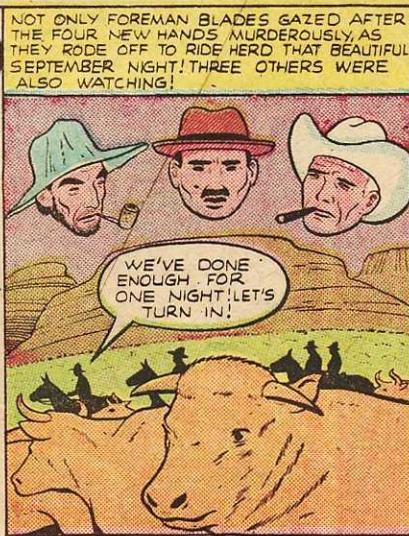


LOOK! THERE'S DIRTY WORK GOIN' ON DOWN BELOW!

AIN'T THAT JAKE BLADES, THE BAR C FOREMAN... WITH HIS HAND STICKIN' OUT FOR MONEY?

IT'S BLADES, ALL RIGHT! IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S DOING SOME FREE LOADIN' AT CORDWAY'S EXPENSE!

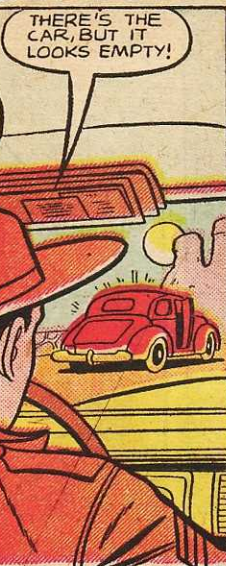
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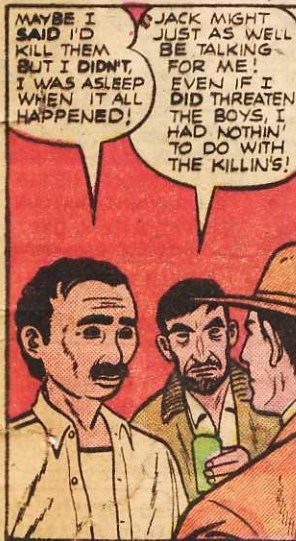
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OBEY THE LAW



OBEDY THE LAW



9) **RAINBOW JONES...AND THE GIVE AWAY IS THE FACT THAT HE'S COLOR BLIND! NOT KNOWING THAT HIS HIGHBALL GLASS WAS GREEN, HE PICKED UP THE RED ONE BY MISTAKE! COLOR BLINDNESS EXPLAINS WHY THE KILLER OVERLOOKED THE BLOODSTAINS IN THE MURDER CAR! JONES COULDN'T DISTINGUISH THE COLOR, RED, SO HE POLISHED UP EVERYTHING IN THE CAR BUT THE BLOODSTAINS! AND WHY DID HE KILL THE FOUR MEN? PERHAPS RAINBOW JONES HAS SOMETHING TO FEAR FROM THE POLICE, EH, JONES?**

WHY, YOU DIRTY!

EASY, JONES! STAY PUT OR YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!



WELL, THAT'S WHAT I CALL A SWEET HUNCH! RAINBOW AND THREE OTHER COWPUNCHERS WANTED FOR BANK ROBBERY IN WYOMING! THAT'S WHY ALL FOUR TOOK JOBS WITH BOSS CORDWAY TO HIDE OUT TILL THE HEAT WAS OFF! THAT'S WHY YOU KILLED YOUR THREE PALS, RAINBOW! THEY WERE BLACK-MAILING YOU, THREATENING TO TELL CORDWAY ABOUT YOUR RUNNING AROUND WITH CHARLOTTE, UNLESS YOU SHARED HER FORTUNE WITH THEM! AND YOU KILLED BLADES FOR FEAR THAT BRINGING ME INTO THE CASE WOULD RESULT IN YOUR BEING RECOGNIZED! SMART, RAINBOW, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH! TAKE HIM AWAY!



THE END

Amazing NEW TOY GUN



*"Shoots" Like
a Real Gun*

IS'NT MY
NEW GUN A
HONEY?

HELP! HELP!
THE BANK'S
BEEN
ROBBED!

LET'S GET
OUT A HERE
BILLY!

WAIT, I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!
**STOP OR
I'LL SHOOT!**

JEEZ! THE
KID'S GOT A
REAL GUN
KILLER!

GEE WHIZ, BILLY!
IT SHOOTS JUST
LIKE A REAL GUN!
LET'S PLAY G-MAN

GOOD WORK, BILLY.
WE'VE BEEN AFTER
THESE CROOKS FOR
A LONG TIME...

YOU FOOLED US, KID.
I THOUGHT THAT GUN
WAS A REAL ONE!

BILLY, YOU SAVED
THE BANK. HERE'S
YOUR REWARD!

THANK YOU
MR. BANKER,
BUT MY NEW
GUN DESERVES
THE CREDIT

OH BOY! I'M
GOING TO
SEND FOR MY
GUN TODAY

YOU BET! IT'S SO
EASY. JUST MAIL
THIS COUPON. IN
A FEW DAYS YOUR
GUN WILL ARRIVE
THEN THE
FUN BEGINS.

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1367 N. Sedgwick Chicago 10, Ill.

Send me: 1 Ranger Automatic with 10,000 shots for \$1.00
3 Ranger Automatics with 30,000 shots for \$2.00

On arrival, I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage for 1 gun, or \$2.00 plus postage for 3 guns. (Cash orders sent pre-paid.) If I am not delighted I will return in 10 days for money back.

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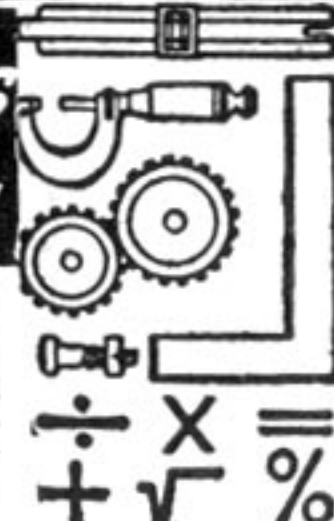


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